THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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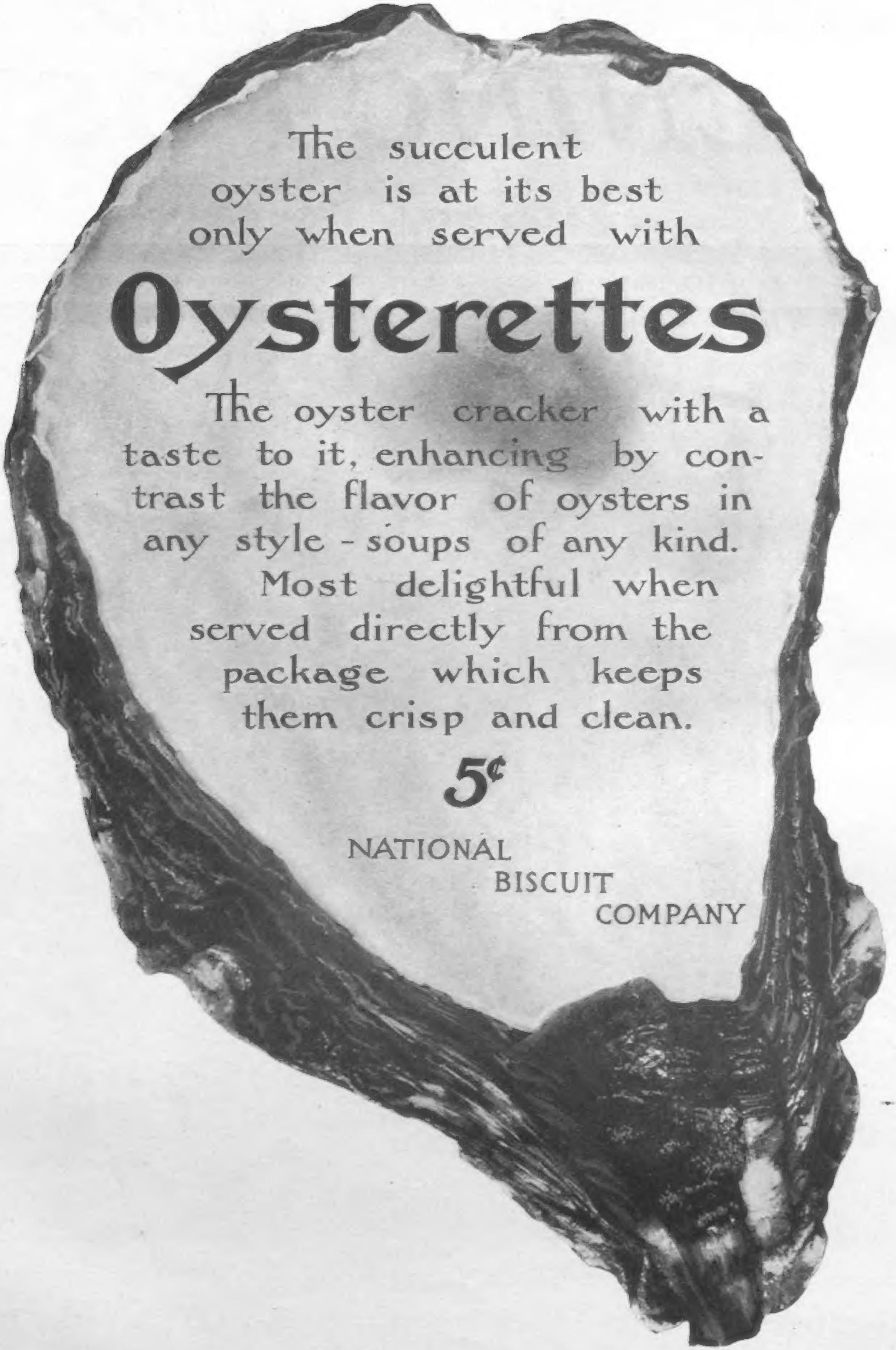
IN THIS NUMBER

Billy Boring and His Drum—By Joel Chandler Harris

The Crooked Trail — By Will Payne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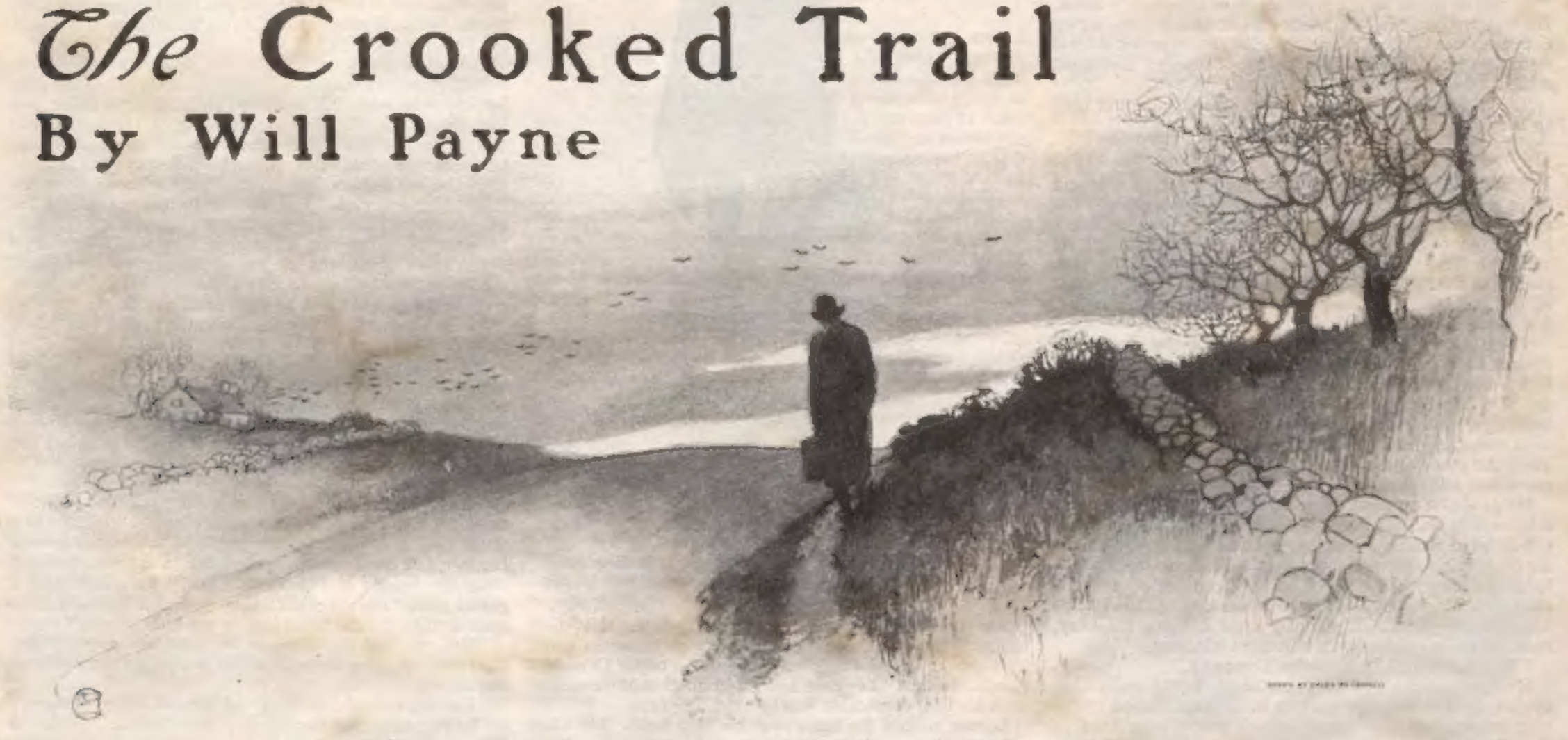
The Crooked Trail

By Will Payne



I

IT WAS cold in Quebec. The sky was heavy with gray clouds. A keen wind whipped the surface of the great river. The little ferry that was sliding swiftly across seemed to be hurrying to keep its feet warm. Dufferin Terrace was bleak and empty. The tourist season was over. All but one wing of the big hotel was closed. The army of servants had cleared out for Georgia and Mississippi, where other big hotels were opening their doors to the migratory hosts. Sky and wind said snow. The long reaches of hilly country, brown and bare, lay numbly waiting their winter shroud.

There was hardly a stir in the winding, stony streets nor in the quaint French town at the foot of the cliff, sheer below the Terrace. But there was motion and a show of human life down there at the wharf, where they were lading the big white night-boat for Montreal.

Hal Margrave was watching the wharf. He was the only person on the Terrace, and he had not even turned up the collar of his ulster. His dark, nervous, smooth-shaven face was fully exposed. There was no attempt at disguise beyond the cheap ulster and black slouch hat. Any one from Chicago might have recognized him. But nobody from Chicago or anywhere else in the living world was likely to appear here. He was thinking:

"I'll get Billy to-morrow, and we'll strike for Montreal. If we're going to pot, we might as well do it in a less dismal place."

Things had been going ill with him.

May corn had put a crimp in him and in his friend Billy Ettelson. Then Billy had come to him, nervous and excited, with a sure tip, straight from the inside, on Suburban Trolleys. The United Traction fellows were going to take it over. So he and Billy plunged on Trolleys. He did not remember, and it did not matter, just when it had occurred to him that Billy was putting up a lot of money for a man who had just been about cleaned out. Billy was assistant cashier in the People's National Bank. The time did come when he was morally sure that Billy was taking the bank's money, but then they were in up to their necks, and the only way they could pull out was to go ahead and stick by the deal. Then there had been a tremendous smash in Suburban Trolleys. Billy had told him that he was sixty thousand dollars short at the bank. The money could be traced directly to Margrave's office, and there was no doubt about his being, legally, an accessory to the embezzlement.

They had lit out by different roads and met in a little town in New Jersey where Billy had a friend of his humble youth upon whom he could rely. They separated again, dividing what cash they had, and Margrave went on to New York, where a man can lose himself effectually enough. In five days Billy unexpectedly appeared, as pathetically as a stray dog. He couldn't stand the lonesomeness. It soon developed that his nerves were going to pieces. He got so that he shook and lost his breath when they met a policeman—unless he had had a drink. They went on to a little place in lower Canada, and when they were out of sight of a telegraph wire Billy got steadier and stayed sober. But they were using up their funds, which meant their lives, without any opportunity of replenishing them; dying like rats in a hole. This was what Margrave found so hard to bear. Quebec, at least, was nearer to the stream of action in which alone they could hope to find a living.

They had been in the old capital ten days at a little third-rate hotel. The telegraph wires had got Billy's nerves to going again, and the night before Margrave had stood by, helpless, in a cold rage, while the assistant cashier babbled maudlinly in the dirty hotel bar, and showed some strangers the picture of his wife on the inside of his watch-case, and wound up by being carried to bed.

At that rate, with the nets spread far and wide for them, their run would be short enough.

Margrave had left his friend in bed, sick and full of remorse, and had spent the whole day walking about town or riding on the street cars, for he must have air and motion.

Well, Billy was penitent enough now, and the lesson would probably keep him straight for a while. Their funds were low, but to-morrow they would go to Montreal. Margrave looked down again at the wharf, the sharp wind buffeting his face. The heavy daylight was fading, without color. Down there the white beams of an electric lamp shone out as the men trundled bales and boxes into the hold of the boat. It made the broker's blood tingle for a moment, like a glimpse of the open through prison bars. He turned away and wound down the steep and crooked street that led to the bad little hotel. The street was quite dead, and it was growing dark.

As he entered the dingy hotel office a boy was lighting the kerosene lamps. The fat, swarthy landlord beamed at him greasily across the varnished pine desk. He asked for his friend. "Above," said the landlord, smiling.

Margrave climbed the narrow stairs that ran up one wall of the office, went down the dim hall and stepped into their room. There was a strip of matting on the floor, a washstand with a thick, cracked pitcher and bowl, a varnished bureau and a bed. The wrinkled green paper shade was down, but there was light enough to show Billy Ettelson, with his clothes on, across the bed. Margrave lifted the shade. The most cursory examination sufficed. Indeed, the bottle on the bureau was not quite empty. Margrave looked down at the sodden figure, and the wolf in him leaped out.

So that was what Billy had been doing for him during the day, was it?

There was a kind of gleaming laugh in his hot heart. He thought: "Oh, no, Billy! I'll not sleep with you to-night, my son. You're too unpleasant."

It took him, perhaps, two minutes to get the few belongings from the bureau into his suit-case and shut the case. He remembered perfectly that he had only eighteen dollars in his pocket, for he had been paying the bills for both recently. Very coolly he bent over Billy, drew the wallet from his hip pocket and counted the contents. There was $155. There should have been near $300. Evidently Billy had been playing cards as well as getting drunk. Margrave took $130 and returned twenty-five to the wallet and the wallet to the pocket. "I can do something better with it than buy whisky, at any rate," he thought. He picked up his suit-case without looking around, closed the door behind him, and went down to the office.

"I will pay the bill up to to-night," he said to the fat landlord. "My friend may stay a day longer."

It was half-past five by the octagonal clock on the wall, so there was plenty of time. He stopped at the rickety and littered table, took up a pen and wrote on the letterhead of the hotel:

"I have paid the bill up to to-night. You ought to go somewhere in the country and get some outdoor work to do. You will go to the devil if you stay in town."

This he signed with his initials, inclosed and left at the desk. When he stepped into the street the cold air struck his face and his spirits rose to it. He was free!

He hurried down the stony way and reached the dock in time. Standing on the cabin-deck and leaning over the rail, he watched the hands throw off the lines and heard the signal-bells tinkle in the engine-room. The huge paddles began, slowly, to slap the water. A little gap, gradually widening, appeared between the white hull and the dock. The bell tinkled again. There was a powerful rumbling of machinery. The motion of the paddles quickened. The big boat began to throb and pulse with the steady, tireless stroke of life. They were out in the river. The lights of the town receded, until the great beak of Cape Diamond shut them out and there was nothing but the wide, dark flood of the river and the throbbing boat steadily racing south.

A tide as great as the river arose in Margrave's heart. He was free, in motion, headed back to life with all its opportunities. When he entered the dining-room several remarked him. His lean face was full of energy. He smiled a little, leisurely, over the bill-of-fare.

"A bridegroom," murmured one sympathetic old lady to her companion.

II

IN MONTREAL the next morning Margrave was still in good spirits. He went to an obscure hotel and engaged a room under an assumed name. After breakfast he started out, aimlessly enough, but contentedly. It was a pleasure to walk. He made no attempt at disguise, for he had the feeling that luck was with him, and that sense of the imminence of danger which strung up his nerves had made him cool and daring.

There was something miniature about the city. The streets were still narrow, steep and stony as in Quebec; but presently he found himself among the signs and in the air of a big commercial stir. There were tall, modern buildings, spacious banking-rooms, busy-looking shops, even something of a crowd and bustle. By Jove, one could smell the money here, at any rate; one could feel that the game was still going on!

He paused a moment opposite the monumental home of a famous bank. It pleased him to look over at the broad, gilt-lettered windows and to read the well-known name. He could fairly sharpen his wits against the granite window-ledge. A stony alley, dignified by the name of a street, opened behind him, sloping downward. He stood aside to let a cab pass, and, glancing after it down the alley, chanced to see the sign on a basement window:

"Street & North Commission Company."

He remembered, of course, instantly, that Loman's big bucket-shop, with headquarters in Chicago, sailed under that name, and had some branch offices over here in Canada. Without a moment's hesitation, he turned down the alley and entered the office. The front room had its blackboard and row of chairs for lounging customers like any broker's office at home—like his own—and the familiar setting gave him a keener edge. He walked coolly past the cashier's wicket and the bookkeeper's desk, for he had already seen a private room in the rear with the door ajar. He stepped to the open door and said:

"Hello, Loman!"

A very large man, not fat, but massive, sitting at the desk within, looked up. His big head was bald, and fringed with close-cropped reddish hair. He wore a round, well-trimmed beard, coarse and red. His face was wide and flat, with spreading nostrils and a large mouth, but it was his eyes that at once arrested attention. They were of reddish-brown, deep-set, powerful, and they burned with an inscrutable passion. As he made out Margrave, smiling in the doorway, his face settled and his lips came together in a wide line, like a man gathering himself for a shock. Wiry little Tommy Madden, the manager, sat beside him, and started, his jaw dropping as though he had seen a ghost.

Margrave laughed easily. "You weren't expecting me, then?"

Loman arose, walked to the door, closed it and sprung the lock. Only then did he speak.

"You sent me word?" he asked, his eyes fixed on the fugitive.

"Oh, no!" Margrave could not forbear to smile. "I just happened into town—unostentatiously, you may say—and thought I'd let you know."

"Where's Ettelson?" Loman demanded.

"Why, Billy isn't ready to come out of the tall grass yet," the broker replied, as easily as before. "But that's too dull for me. I want to be where the game is."

In the Stillness of the Dark, Cold Water at His Feet Something Mysteriously Moved and Invited Him

The bucket-shop man was studying him. His first thought had been that the fugitive's recklessness came from drink. He saw this was not so, and began to understand. In fact, Margrave himself knew that the reaction from his long depression was intoxicating him.

Loman rubbed his hand over his bald head. He liked a "nervy" man. "Sit down," he said coolly, going back to the desk. "Do you mean that you're going to stay here?"

Margrave sat down, saying as he did so: "Sure. Here or in New York. Why not? There's a certain chance to be taken anywhere. I figure it like this: If I go off in a corner somewhere and stick my head in the sand there are, say, twenty chances that I'll be found and there isn't any chance at all that I can do myself any good. No matter how long I stay, those twenty chances are out against me and I won't be bettering myself. If I stay here or in New York there will be, say, fifty chances that I'll be found; but—great Scott!—there are a hundred chances for me to get into something that will do me some good, so, if I'm not found, I can work myself out. I'd rather give the other fellow fifty chances and have some myself than to give him only twenty and not have any myself."

Loman drummed on the desk a minute, his eyes burning into the broker's. "You're right," he said. "I'd figure it that way, too." Then, abruptly, he rolled back his big head and laughed hugely. "Why, you scared me out of a year's growth!" he said. "And Tommy!"—he looked around at the midget of a manager—"Tommy's hardly got his mouth shut yet! Say, I ran across Manuel Peter in New York last week, and the old man actually wept on the flag-stones when he told me how you and Ettelson had done up the bank. Manuel wouldn't do a thing to you if he could get hold of you two!"

Loman laughed again. He was always living on the ragged edge. He maintained his chain of bucket-shops only by perpetual war. He had been indicted three times, but had always got off. He was something of a power in local politics in Chicago and in Minneapolis. His contraband business won great sums when the luck was right, and at times he lost enormously, so that only an hour stood between him and ruin. His life was to feel the tide of the game roll up to him, to plunge into it headlong and struggle for existence. Inaction killed him.

He knew something of young Margrave's nerve and quickness, and he liked to take a chance. Moreover, being outside the pale himself, he liked company there.

"How much did Ettelson get into the bank?" he asked casually.

"Sixty thousand," Margrave replied easily. Then he added with sudden hatred: "I wouldn't care a rap if he'd got in a million! Suburban Trolleys was a rank deal, anyhow. Pendleton proposed to gobble it up for his United Traction, and he engineered the scheme that smashed the stock so he could get it for a song. Manuel Peter was in with him, too."

"That's true enough," Loman replied, as though, however, the fact were of no importance now. "There was a nasty deal in it a year and a half ago, too, when several banks called Sanderson's loans and tried to freeze him out—for the benefit of Pendleton. But," he added with a genial grin, "that wouldn't save you and Ettelson from making tubs for the State if they got hold of you."

"No. We had the goods on us," said Margrave. "But the bank will compromise it and let us off if we can pay back the money."

"The bank would probably let you off, for you weren't on its pay-roll," the bucket-shop man replied. "I doubt if it would let Ettelson off."

By this time both men knew, and Madden, the wiry little manager knew, that something lay behind the talk. Loman was considering. With forty branch offices to be managed, he could always use a bright man who knew stocks and wheat. Moreover, he had a big scheme in mind.

"Well, the thing for me just now is to get started at something," Margrave said. He hesitated a moment. "I've got my family to look after."

It was, sufficiently, the confession of being in straits that Loman wanted.

"I'll give you a show, Hal," he answered quietly. "This office is all tangled up. The Canuck that we've got running it is all right on local acquaintance and that, but he's a chuckle-headed sort of brute. I can't be coming up here every other week to get him straightened out, or sending Tommy, either. If you've a mind to keep under cover here and in touch with the office by the back door, so you can look over things and steer the Canuck right, I'll set you going. Remember, now, you're taking your own risk as far as getting nabbed is concerned, and you're not to get me into that mess."

"Sure," said Margrave.

Loman rubbed his hand over his bald head. "Say forty dollars a week for the present. I may be able to take up your business with the bank and get it straightened out for you. I know Peter pretty well."

Margrave remembered the gossip that Manuel Peter, capitalist and bank director, had backed the bucket-shop man more than once.

"Everybody knows Peter pretty well," he replied with a grin.

Loman laughed. He played a wide open game and liked people with a sense of humor. "Come around to

(Continued on Page 38)

Margrave Looked Down at the Sodden Figure, and the Wolf in Him Leaped Out

ECHOES OF GREATNESS

By JOHN S. WISE

Author of The End of an Era

Grover Cleveland

I DID not meet Mr. Cleveland until after the expiration of his first term. My term in Congress ended when his first Presidential term began, and I left the Capital the same day. Blaine's defeat was a great disappointment, and I presume I was as narrow and as bitter as the average politician and took myself off home to rub my sore spots. During the first year of Mr. Cleveland's Administration I was Republican candidate for Governor in my own State, and of course the whole power of the Administration was brought to bear against me. It was during this campaign that I first held communication with young Roosevelt. One day I received a kind note, in mourning, written from Center Moriches, signed Theodore Roosevelt, expressing interest in my campaign, and the hope that I might be elected. The mourning was for the first Mrs. Roosevelt, and the writer was only about twenty-nine years of age. I was defeated for Governor by the returns and removed to New York. Mr. Cleveland also came to New York after the expiration of his first term, and it was here I first met him at some public function. I remember his saying: "Why, I knew all the other Wises," naming each. "How is it I never met you before?" To which I laughingly replied: "Mr. President, I did not have anything you wanted and you did not have anything I could get, so I kept away from you." "Oh!" said he good-naturedly. "You are the *bad* one, are you? I know you now."

I liked Mr. Cleveland from the first and he has proved himself my friend in many ways. Although I never voted for him, I have a great respect and regard for him, and believe that he made a good President. I do not mean by that to indorse his political views, but I regard him as a sound, conservative statesman, whose chief fault, in the eyes of his followers, was that he was better than his party.

But I do not intend to discuss his politics. My purpose is simply to portray the man as I have known him, and to convey some idea of his personal characteristics. The first time I was ever thrown with him more or less intimately was at a famous dinner given by the late John Russell Young to a number of his friends. Mr. Young was a lovable man, and had warm friends in all parties. The group of people he assembled on the occasion now described was quite remarkable. I remember that General Sherman, Mr. Cleveland, Chauncey Depew, Mr. John W. Mackay, General Roger A. Pryor, Tom Ochiltree, and many others were present. They were all people who at one time or another, in their public careers, had felt the generous friendship of Young and become attached to him. It was a regular love feast, and we all had a good time. Our common love of field sports brought Mr. Cleveland and myself together as we had never been before, and we promised each other that some day, when we could both find time, we would go shooting together. After that, whenever we met we were good friends, and once or twice I tried to induce the ex-President to go on shooting trips with me, but something always prevented our going. Finally, the Presidential election of 1892 came around, and Cleveland turned the tables upon President Harrison and defeated him. I supported Harrison loyally and ardently, but with a feeling of much greater respect and regard for Mr. Cleveland than I had evinced in prior campaigns, for, differ as one may from him, no man who knows him can fail to realize that there is a great deal of rugged simplicity and real manhood in Grover Cleveland.

Now it so happened that when I lived in Virginia I formed a warm attachment for a deaf-mute. He was a remarkable character in this, that notwithstanding his infirmity he was an ardent sportsman and a wonderful handler of dogs. He was very bright and very pertinacious. He broke dogs with a whistle and by signs, and as he could not yell at them and confuse them as so many dog-breakers do, his pupils were singularly well-broken. He and I became sworn friends, and I gave him many dogs to break. When we first met I wore a tall silk hat, from which he began to refer to me in all his sign language as "Stove-pipe," and continued to call me that until he died, only shortening the designation to "S. P.," as mutes are wont to do. He taught me the sign language, and he also wrote a remarkable hand very rapidly. He was a man of unusual intelligence, interested in literature and politics. I do not think he had very definite political views, but it was sufficient for him to know that his friend, "S. P.," was a Republican to make him one also. The poor fellow, in answer to my comments upon his excellent information, had always but one reply. He would shrug his shoulders and say: "What good does it do me? I cannot apply my knowledge. There is nothing for a deaf-mute to do."

After Harrison's election I aided in having him made postmaster at the little town where he lived, and it was a veritable Godsend to him. It was the position, above all others in the world, for which he was peculiarly fitted. He knew every patron of the office; he was very methodical, sober, domestic, and always at his place. Accustomed to study every writing submitted to him, no instruction or requirement of the Department escaped him, and they told me at the Post-Office Department in Washington that his office was really a model in regard to reports, details and observance of requirements. He was the proudest creature I ever saw. Obtaining that little office and finding that his work in it was so satisfactory to his employers gave him a new joy in life, and made him no longer feel that there was no sphere of usefulness for him by reason of his infirmity. His letters to me were voluminous, and filled with gratitude and renewed hope.

Well, when Cleveland came back into power the Virginia Democratic Congressmen gave notice that "to the victors belonged the spoils." Poor old Turner (that was the mute's name) wrote me doleful letters, telling me the Democrats had their eye on his place and intended to turn him out, not only because he was a Republican, but because I had put him there. He took it philosophically, but showed that he felt no hope. I tried to cheer him up, but did not know on what ground I could encourage him.

One cold evening in the winter of 1892-3, after the Presidential election, but before Mr. Cleveland's inauguration, I found myself standing at the Rector Street station by the side of Mr. Cleveland. It was snowing and we were waiting for a train on the elevated road to take us to our homes. I had received that very day a mournful letter from Turner.

"Ah! Mr. President," said I cheerily. "This is an unexpected pleasure—unless you are so proud of your victory that you will not speak to Republicans."

"Hello, Wise!" said he in the most democratic fashion. "Oh, no, I'm not so proud. I think you may be regarded as no longer dangerous."

The train came up and we took seats side by side. I said something pleasant of a personal nature, and we soon began to talk about shooting. He said it would be a fine day for brant shooting.

"Mr. President," said I, "if any one had told me I would be holding up my plate for soup to you some day, I think I would have resented it, but here I am among the earliest wanting a favor."

I then told him about the deaf-mute who was such a fine dog-trainer. That interested him; particularly the way the man used his whistle and made signs with his hands. I then told him the story of his appointment and the pride he took in his post-office as I have told it above. He listened attentively and finally said:

"Of course he ought not to be turned out. If it was you of course you'd have to go. But robbing a poor devil like that of the only thing he is fit for would not be politics, but just petty meanness. I cannot remember things like this, but when I name my Postmaster-General you see him, and if he doesn't help you I will."

So Mr. Cleveland and I parted at his station better friends than ever.

Soon after he was inaugurated and his Cabinet had been announced, I, being in Washington, called upon Mr. Bissell, his Postmaster-General, and began to tell him of the case of J. Marshall Turner, postmaster at Walkerton, Virginia, and my desire to have him retained. He interrupted me by saying:

"Didn't you say something about this to the President?"

"Yes, I did," I replied; "but it was a long time ago and I had no idea he remembered it."

"Well, I do not think he remembered the details, but he told me that if Wise came to see me I must help him. And this is the case, is it—you and Mr. Cleveland and the dog-breaker? Go and see Maxwell, Fourth Assistant. He'll help you."

So I went to Maxwell, a New Yorker and good fellow.

"I'll help you," said he. "I'll just lose the papers, and it will be a long time, I promise you, before anybody finds them."

Thanking him, and feeling sure, from knowledge of how such things are done, that it would be a long time before they turned Turner out, I wrote him to be of good cheer. He thought I was a magician.

I Found the President Surrounded by Democratic Magnates

Fully twelve months went by and I heard no more of Turner, by which I knew he was still in office. One day, just as I was preparing to go to Washington on other business, I received a telegraphic wail: "I am turned out. See Richmond paper." In half an hour a Democratic paper published in Richmond was placed in my hands. It had a flaming announcement: "*Bounced at Last. Wise's Man Must Go. Congressman Jones Triumphs After a Hard Fight.*" Then the paper told what a valiant and protracted battle Congressman Jones had made to get this office for a worthy Democrat, against my wily tricks to keep Turner in, and how, at last, I had been vanquished and a new man whose name I have forgotten had been appointed. I laughed heartily, for I am sure I had not heard a word about Turner or his post-office for a twelvemonth. But there had been battles royal in Washington.

The next day, when I had finished the business which took me to the Capital, I called at the Post-Office Department, and first sought out Mr. Maxwell. He met me with a broad grin, and said:

"Well, old fellow, I did the best I could. I held the papers until a peremptory demand that I should find them came from the Postmaster-General."

"Thank you," said I. "I know you did your best. Now tell me, what is the matter with the Postmaster-General?"

"Why, man alive, that Congressman down there has made his life a burden," said he, giving me some details of Mr. Jones' importunities. "You see him—he'll tell you all about it."

"One word more," said I, "and I'll go. Has the bond of the new postmaster been approved?"

"No."

"Has his commission been signed?"

"No."

"Will you hold them until you hear from me?"

"Yes, if you let me hear to-day."

"Ah! Mr. President," Said I Cheerily

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of personal reminiscences of celebrities by Mr. Wise.

He Broke Dogs with a Whistle and by Signs

"Good," said I, and went to the Postmaster-General.

Mr. Bissell was a very large and not a very polished man, and, when I entered his office, showed that he was not glad to see me. His first greeting was:

"Well, sir, I know what you have come to see me about, and I want to say to you that I think you have been shown all the consideration which a Republican is entitled to from a Democratic Administration. In the effort to protect your man I have submitted to more abuse and insult from Congressman Jones than I have received from anybody since I entered upon the duties of this office. He has gone so far that I ought to have ordered him out. But, thinking I might have treated him badly, I concluded to give it up and appoint his man. I can do no more for you. It is not worth while for you to protest."

I saw his temper, and felt sorry for the way he had been annoyed.

"Mr. Postmaster-General," said I gently, "you misapprehend me. I am not here to chide you or to protest. I am here to thank you for all you have done, and to express my regret that I have put you to so much trouble and raised such a storm around you." It was the soft answer that turned away wrath. Seeing that he was mollified, I added gently: "Have you approved the new man's bond?"

"No."

"Have you signed his commission?"

"No."

"When will those things be done in the ordinary course of business, Mr. Postmaster-General?" I ventured this last inquiry in the most seductive way.

"Why, as soon as they go through the regular routine. In a day or so, I presume," he answered gruffly.

"Well, now, Mr. Postmaster-General, I know how good you have been to me. Is it stretching your kindness to ask you to hold up these signatures for twenty-four hours, so as to enable me to see the President?"

"See the President!" he exclaimed. "You don't think the President will mix up in a matter of this size, do you?"

"Hardly," said I; "but then he *might*. Will you not wait for me?"

He mused a minute and then, whirling his revolving chair about, said:

"All right! I'll wait a day. And after the way that Congressman treated me, I don't care what the President does."

I tipped the wink to Maxwell as I went out of the Department, and hurried in a cab to the White House.

I found the President surrounded by Democratic magnates. One of his feet was in a great cloth shoe, for he was recovering from an attack of gout. He greeted me cordially, pointed to a large sofa near a window, and bade me sit down and read the paper until he was through with his visitors. It was a beautiful spring morning, and the sunlight lit up Arlington and the Monument and the Potomac. Out on the lawns the great red-breasted robins were hopping about, bobbing for worms. It was an ideal day for shooting—snipe-shooting at Jamestown. It seemed an interminable time before the last of his visitors withdrew, and then Mr. Cleveland limped over to me with his lower lip pouted out and curled, as is his wont when in a good humor.

"Sorry I kept you so long," said he, taking a seat beside me.

I answered: "Oh, get through with your janizaries and prebendaries and stipendiaries, Mr. President, and come with me!"

He chuckled and repeated to himself, "Janizaries and prebendaries and stipendiaries," and then said: "Well, what is it?"

"Snipe!" said I. "Come on, I have a private car all ready. We'll slip out of here quietly and go to Williamsburg, drive thence to Jamestown Island and have a bully time. Look out of the window, Mr. President. Look at the haze. It actually smells like snipe."

May Heaven forgive me for that Munchausen story about the private car. I had nothing of the kind. But if the President had consented the car would have been there, for dear old Frank Thomson, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, loved hunting as well as we did. He and I had been out several times, and a telegram would have brought him whirling into Washington with car and all. The yearning look given by Cleveland at my bidding was almost pitiful. With a deep sigh he said:

"I wish I could! But no, can't go. No use. And even if I could, I've promised another man."

Seeing that there was no chance of his going, and having him in a good humor, I settled down to business.

"Mr. President," said I, "they are trying to kill my little ewe lamb."

"What's your little ewe lamb?" he blurted out with a perplexed look.

Then I told him of the row at the Post-Office Department. As I proceeded I saw a negative cloud settling on his face. Finally, when I grew eloquent and said, "Turning that poor devil out is like striking a woman," he interrupted me, saying: "Look here, Wise, do you think I was put here to settle rows over fourth-class postmasters? What can I do?"

I knew how stubborn Mr. Cleveland is when he is combed the wrong way, and I thought my case was lost. "Now, Mr. President," said I, "you ask: 'What can I do?' You can, if you will, do the nicest little thing you ever did in your life, and it will not be very troublesome. Just write on a card: 'Postmaster-General: Take no further action concerning Walkerton post-office until you hear from me.' Sign this and give it to me, and I'll forgive you for going back on me about that snipe hunt."

He turned his head sideways and his face rippled into a smile.

"No," he said; "you leave the address and I'll write the letter. I must go now."

I thanked him and was withdrawing when he called me back. "Say, for fear the letter may not reach there in time, you'd better drive by the Department and tell Bissell it's coming."

Nobody ever did a kindness more graciously than Mr. Cleveland. Certain of the result, I returned to New York, after calling at Mr. Bissell's office as directed by the President. When I told Mr. Bissell, he said:

"Glad of it. Now Jones and the President can fight it out. But, Mr. Wise," added the Postmaster-General, "the charge is that your man is an 'offensive partisan' and that he talks politics."

Stealing close to him I said in a low voice: "Whatever other charge I may be unable to disprove, I can knock that charge into a cocked hat. My man is *deaf and dumb*."

I never afterward met Mr. Bissell that he did not ask me if my man was still talking politics.

When I reached home I wrote Turner that he was all right provided he did not talk politics. Turner died in office long after McKinley's election, and I had told him to hang Grover Cleveland's and William McKinley's pictures side by side. He always had nicknames for his favorites. His name for Mr. Cleveland was "Old Durham." He said he looked like John B. Davis' (a neighbor of his) Durham bull, which he admired greatly. In time, the President's abbreviated name in all our correspondence became "O. D.," just as mine was "S. P."

Another year passed by and I heard no more of Turner and his office. One day, on the cars, Holmes Conrad, a Democrat, met me. He was an office-holder under Cleveland in Washington.

"Look here," said he, "what sort of a pull is this you have with the 'old man'?"

"Pull? Old man?" said I, for I was not thinking of the subject. "What pull? What old man?"

"Why, Mr. Cleveland, of course," said he. "That's what we call him."

"I have not seen Mr. Cleveland for six months," said I. "What are you talking about?"

"Harry Tucker told me all I know," replied Conrad, laughing. "He says you whipped out the whole Virginia delegation."

Curious to hear more, I probed him, and he told me:

"Harry Tucker says that, some months ago, Billy Jones called upon him and the other Virginia members to go up with him to the White House in a body to see the President about a post-office concerning which he considered himself badly treated. So on a certain morning they assembled and demonstrated in force. They were all there and Jones was to be spokesman. Old Grover seemed to be in a very good humor. 'Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?' said he, smiling. 'Mr. President,' began Jones, 'we have come to see you about a matter in which I think I have been badly treated. It is concerning the post-office at Walkerton.' As he uttered the word Walkerton the President's whole manner changed. He looked at Jones and said sharply: 'What's the name of the postmaster?' 'Turner,' was the reply. 'Is he deaf and dumb?' inquired the President. 'Yes.' 'And you want to turn him out?' 'Yes.' 'Well, that ends it! I won't do it. There are two thousand post-offices in Virginia. You may have nineteen hundred and ninety-nine of them. This one is mine. That man is deaf and dumb—and he breaks John Wise's dogs! Turning him out would be as mean as striking a woman. I will not do it. Good-day, gentlemen.' And he turned on his heel and walked away, leaving them utterly dumfounded."

It was the first I had heard of it. It probably explains in some degree why Congressman Jones became an enemy of Cleveland, and such an ardent silverite and advocate of Bryan.

One night, years afterward, I told the story in a party at which Mr. Cleveland was present, and he laughed his jolly, shaking laugh, commenting at its conclusion: "Those fellows made as big a row over that little postmastership as if it had been First Auditor of the Treasury."

Since the retirement of Cleveland from office I have seen much more of him than ever before, and I have always found him a congenial companion and kind friend. In order to appreciate him one must have been with him as I have been. On two occasions he has honored me by visits to a little shooting and fishing place in Virginia. First of all, he is a thorough sportsman. I have seen his patience tried both as a fisherman and as a gunner, and in this quality he is perfect. He has had as good wild-fowl shooting as any man in the United States, yet I have known him to sit, on a calm, sunshiny day, in a duck blind, for ten consecutive hours, with nothing but a simple luncheon to break his fast, and nothing but whistlers and buffle-heads coming in to his decoys, and then he has come home at night with nothing but a dozen "trash" ducks, as the gunners call them, yet as content and uncomplaining as if he had enjoyed real sport. Then, on a fishing excursion, I have seen him when the boat went aground; when the bait gave out; when the oil in the steam launch became exhausted and we were delayed several hours; when we were caught in a summer squall; in all sorts of trying and worrying predicaments; and no man in the party took his "streak of lean along with his streak of fat" more stoically or more complacently than Mr. Cleveland.

"That Ends It! I Won't Do It"

On one of our excursions a dear little fellow from the neighborhood was of the party. He had good dogs and had joined us to aid in giving the ex-President good sport. He was the very opposite of Mr. Cleveland in physique. The two conceived a great fancy for each other, and as Mr. Cleveland was particularly anxious to do some quail shooting they sallied forth together, presenting a most amusing sight as the big ex-President walked along with a companion at his side looking like his little boy. But the birds had been badly shot off, and the ex-President was not a first-class pedestrian, so I think they had but indifferent sport.

To my surprise, I found that Mr. Cleveland ate very moderately and was abstemious in the use of liquors. In the latter respect he has been grossly misrepresented. He shone best in the evening gatherings when the cigars were lit and merry conversation went around. He is one of those men who loves companionship, and seems to inspire good-fellowship without at any time taking an active part in the conversation himself. What he most enjoyed was

He was the Very Opposite of Mr. Cleveland in Physique

a game of cribbage with his devoted friend, Commodore Benedict, while the others of us kept up a running fire of anecdote and reminiscence. He seems to possess the faculty of paying attention to his game and at the same time enjoying to the full the conversation about him. I think I never saw any man who delighted as he does in negro dialect stories, and I had one story about the burial of Corporal Billy Gilliam which Mr. Cleveland has made me repeat to him I think a dozen times. I can see him now, in fancy, with his eyes shut until they were like mere slits in his face, his expressive mouth puckered in laugh-provoking merriment, and his body shaking all over, as I told him about the band burying Billy to the tune of "Hop Light, Ladies."

There is, too, a serious and most attractive side to the ex-President. In our strolls about the beautiful Cape we sometimes talked of the difficulties of the Presidential office. I recall one evening when we were out walking alone. He was interested in some of the farm work and we had been to inspect it. The sun had set across the beautiful Chesapeake, which lies to westward, and we strolled along in the brilliant afterglow. He enjoyed the sight of the water and the great pines and the light of the gloaming. Suddenly he said:

"I ought to have a monument over me when I die."

"I am sure of that, Mr. Cleveland," I answered; "but for what particular service?"

"Oh, not for anything I have ever done," said he, "but for the foolishness I have put a stop to! If you knew the absurd things proposed to me at various times while I have been in public life—things which I sat down on, and sat down hard on—you would say so, too!"

I knew full well that what he said was true, and although I need not enter into any details, this country does owe Mr. Cleveland an everlasting debt of gratitude for having driven what President Harrison described as a "wild team" safely to the end of his journey.

I observed in Mr. Cleveland an inexpressible tenderness for his family. He frequently talked in the sweetest way

"Bounced at Last. Wise's Man Must Go"

of his wife and children. The political world has never dealt kindly with Mr. Cleveland. The press has seemed at times to delight in circulating rumors and aspersions about his family relations. No doubt at times Mr. Cleveland has been brusque and peremptory—rude, if you like the term better—with certain people; but that gave them no excuse for lying about him and invading the sanctity of his domestic life and circulating false stories about his wife and children. Perhaps it was done with devilish malignity to wound him in a point where they knew he was vulnerable. For much as the public has been encouraged to look upon Mr. Cleveland as incapable of the finer sensibilities, I never saw a man who had family pride and affection more fully developed or who felt more keenly the injustice of such assaults.

I had an opportunity of seeing how this sort of traduction had embittered Mr. Cleveland. On one occasion, soon after President McKinley's death, we were discussing that event, and all agreed that it was a sad thing to see a man so happy and with so much to live for, and so beloved, cut down in the bloom of his life and strength. Mr. Cleveland took part in the conversation

"I don't know," said he, "whether, after all, McKinley's life, sad as was its ending, was not, taking into consideration everything, to be envied. It is true he was struck down by an assassin. But he never was assassinated in his lifetime. Think of the kindness with which he and his wife were always treated while he lived. There was nothing lovable and kind that could be uttered about him or her which was not said at all times. Somehow, he seemed to possess the faculty of evoking charitable judgment and kind treatment. If I could have had that sort of thing as long and as uniformly as he did, I believe I should have been willing to pay the price he has paid. I do not understand how some men have the milk of human kindness always offered to their lips, while others, without deserving less charitable treatment, have the cup of gall and wormwood thrust upon them constantly. I believe I would gladly exchange places with him for the charitable judgment which the public passed upon his life. Bodily death is by no means the worst torture which a man can suffer. The torture of lies and misrepresentations affecting what is dearest to us in life is infinitely worse than the mere physical pain of dying."

I do not pretend that these were Mr. Cleveland's exact words, but they give the substance of his speech, and when I heard that cry of a strong man in his agony I wished that every kindly heart in this broad land could have heard it, too. It would have been a final refutation of the dirty and disreputable falsehoods which small malice has for so long industriously whispered against the ex-President and his family.

BILLY BORING AND HIS DRUM

A Chapter from the Reminiscences of Mr. Billy Sanders

By Joel Chandler Harris

MERIWETHER CLOPTON used to say that common-sense was a good deal rarer than genius as we see it manifested up and down through the world; and he had a theory that real common-sense, the kind that can be depended on all the time, and about which there can be no sort of doubt or denial, is simply the essence of the quality which we call genius for want of a more enlightening term. As an example of what he meant by real common-sense, he used to point to Mr. Billy Sanders, whom he had known many years, and whose humor had given him a reputation that was hardly confined to the limits of the State. Mr. Sanders liked his friends and intimates to call him Billy or Uncle Billy, but he was fond of signing his full name, William Hart Sanders. This was a part of his family pride, his only weakness, for he was a grandson of Nancy Hart, famous in the Revolutionary annals of Georgia.

He was supposed to be a very old man, but, as a matter of fact, he was comparatively young. His mother was not more than five or six when Nancy Hart stood alone, the only sympathizer with the spirit and purpose of the Revolution who dared to face and defy the British and Tories in what was then Upper Georgia. When Mr. Sanders was born his mother was more than fifty years of age, and now, at seventy-five, he appeared to be not more than forty-five or fifty. In every way he was a fine specimen of the indomitable stock from which he sprang.

One day, not so very long ago, he stood contemplating, with serene satisfaction, an immense cotton mill which had been erected in his thriving town. An old friend chanced to be visiting Shady Dale for the first time in many years, and Mr. Sanders was taking an almost childish delight in showing him the various improvements that had taken place as a result of the progressive spirit of the town.

He turned to this friend with a bland smile, saying, "I once had the idee that I had done a monst'ous big thing when I lifted cle'r of the groun', wi' one han', more'n ten thousand dollars' wuth of col' pig i'on, but I reckon the biggest job I ever tackled was when I started out to tote that mill, smoke-stack an' all, from a p'int whar you can hear the Potomac swaller a frog, plum to whar you can hear the church bells of Richmond-on-the-Jeems. You won't believe me," he went on. "You don't believe about the pig i'on, but 'twas not only so, but more so, bekaze the piece that I picked up was made into watch-springs. Come over here to the tavern an' le' me tell you about it. You're one of the few men an' wimmen that I keep no secrets from.

"I reckon ef I was to squat down here in the sand, an' figger it out, I could come mighty nigh tellin' you the year

"A-peerin' an' A-peepin' for all the Worl' Like a Chicken that's Tryin' for to Find a Place to Roost"

an' the day, an' the time of day, an' likewise what we had for dinner. Anyhow, it was when the big war was gwine on, when word come for me for to pick a dozen good men out'n my regiment an' go arter some prisoners that Mosby had ketched out arter dark. So said, so done; we upped an' we mosied, gwine along like the swallers when they homeward fly, an' arter so long a time we got thar in good health, an' wi' appetites that you couldn't skeersely keep down wi' a shotgun.

"The prisoners was quartered aroun' on the settlement at large, an' we rounded 'em up an' started for headquarters. As fur as I could see, we had no reason for to go along in life wi'out bein' on speakin' terms, an' so I made myself mighty chummy; lookin' forward to the time when I mought be in the same or similar fixes, I tried for to open up my gizzard an' treat 'em right. I called 'em Yanks, an' they Johnnied me, an' we went along feelin' as frien'ly as hogs on a col' day. The one that tuck my eye was a little drummer boy from Indianny, as likely a chap as you ever laid eyes on, an' as game as a bantam. His name was Billy Borin', an' he said he was fourteen, but I never will believe he was more'n twelve. It's a mighty short step from twelve to fourteen, but it makes all the diffunce in the world.

"The fine sperret that show'd in Billy was at the bottom of the scrape he was in. His daddy was dead, an' he got so full of the North American tommyrot that calls on ever'body to die for the'r country whenever a thunder-shower blows up, that nothin' would do but he must run off for to be a soldier bold. Well, he run, an' when he diskivered that he couldn't serve in the ranks, he got holt of a kittle-drum, an' give it the same kind of dose that Paddy did, an' arter he had made a ambulance team run away an' broke up a sutler stan' wi' his warm an' stormy work, they tuck him in the ban' an' kep' him thar ontell Mosby flew out'n his hornet's nest an' fetch'd 'em a sting or two.

"Well, as Billy took to me, so I took to him, an' we had some mighty nice talks. He tol' me all about his little home, an' his mammy, an' the ol' tom-cat, ontell it appeared to me that I could shet my eyes an' see the whole outfit, settin' thar jest like Billy had left 'em, the little house on a back street wi' a couple of trees at the front door, the mammy settin' at a window sewing, an' the ol' tom-cat on the door-sill, washin' his face an' lookin' sleepy. Billy come mighty nigh cryin' when he was tellin' me all this, an' I had to make a face for to keep from chokin', hard-hearted as I am.

"One of the other Yanks was a feller from Vermont. I don't set no great store by all this talk about the Puritans an' the Cavaliers. As fur as I've seed the folks in this big

country is purty much of a whichness ef you leave out the newly-landed wi' the'r hurdy-gurdies; but this feller I'm tellin' you about was a Puritan, ef the breed ain't run out an' gone to seed. He was sour as two dollars' wuth of lemons, cross an' crabbed. The Adam's apple on his goozle stuck out like a wen on a weazel, an' he was jest natchally full of the gall that lights fires for to burn them that don't have your beliefs. He was constant a-naggin' at Billy bekaze he was gittin' chummy wi' me. The trouble wi' him was that he had too much book l'arnin' an' the surplus had turned to malice. When a man gits away from the Bible an' Shakespeare, he's bound for to git in some narrer lane that leads nowhar, an' yell out that he's done foun' the only ginnywine road to Truth's house. Truth may live a part of the year at the bottom of a well, but she don't hang out on no narrer lane that takes you nowhar but the woods.

"Ef you'll git it in your mind that all the time I've been a-talkin', an' a heap longer, we was on the road, an' a-humpin' along at a right good gait, you'll know purty well what was gwine on. Tidwell an' Gossett, two of my best men, led the way, an' me an' Billy an' his drum fetched up the re'r gyard. Mosby's friends in the settlement loaded us down wi' provisions, an' I divided 'em up as nigh as I could, an' turned 'em over to the prisoners. They had no guns, an' I thought they might as well begin for to arn the'r board. This made the Vermont man as hot as ginger. Ef we'd 'a' give him time he'd 'a' interduced a set of resolutions, wi' a string of wharases as long as a mule's tail. But I didn't give him a chance. I jest made a new division, an' then parceled out some of the stuff amongst my own men.

"Well, Vermont went along wi' his head up an' done jest like he had won a battle of Manassas, but I know'd that in the long run he'd feel mighty bad. When we stopped for dinner, I parceled out the rations to them that had toted 'em, an' Vermont sot thar an' watched us eat, an' dribbled at the mouth. He hadn't toted none, an' he didn't git none. He didn't say a blamed word, but I could tell from his looks that he had some idee of what he had run up ag'inst. An' he wa'n't use to it; it bothered him; he couldn't hardly stan' it. I reckon he must 'a' been a deekin or a jestice of the peace whar he come from; anyhow, he was use to havin' his own way.

"We humped along at a purty lively gait ontell late in the arternoon, an' then we come to a little two-room log cabin settin' way off by itself. The sight of that cabin done us a heap of good, for we had tramped all day long, an' hadn't ketched a glimpse of a human habitation. Up to that minnit a sheep pen was the closest imitation of home, sweet home that we had come across, an' the only human bein's we had seen was our own purty selves. The sight of that cabin made me feel like huggin' Vermont. It was the only time that I can rickerlect that I couldn't make up my min' quicker'n you can snap your fingers. We was still in a part of the country liable for to be raided by the Yankees huntin' for Mosby an' his crowd, an' yit, here was a cabin snugglin' up to the woods, a thin, blue smoke curlin' up from the chimbly, an' a smell of fryin' meat sweet enough for to make a man hit his own daddy.

"We had some raw meat, ginnywine smoked bacon, an' I made up my min' at last for to take some resk, an' have our vittles cooked up. So I give the word, an' we pitched our camp out'n sight of the cabin, but not so mighty fur off. Tidwell an' Gossett know'd purty well what the stop was made for, an' they hustled aroun' an' bunched the prisoners wi' our own men so they couldn't even whisper an' we not know it. Vermont still had the studs; he wouldn't ax for a mou'f'l to eat, an' I'd 'a' seed him on his coolin'-board before I'd 'a' offered him any. The one way for to kyore a balky hoss is to stake him out right whar he stops at, an' keep him thar ontell he'll move off like he wanted for to go some'rs.

"While we was tryin' to do jestice to our modest meal, I tuck notice that Billy Borin' kep' on a-lookin' at the moon. She was full, an' liable for to set late. I took a good look, an' says to Billy, says I, 'That moon is purty, all right, but it ain't no more like the moon we've got in Georgy than calico is like silk. I'd like to take you down to whar I live, an' let you take a look at our moon. Sometimes it has a great big ring around it, an' when that's the case you'd better see ef your parasol is whar it oughter be.' Billy laughed the shyest little laugh you ever seed. 'There must be something wrong,' says he, 'because at home, our moon rises over here'—he p'inted straight to the west. 'It looks something like this moon, but I can see a difference.' 'I don't doubt it,' says I, 'but I want you to see the Georgy moon.'

"Well, sir, you wouldn't think that this kind of boy-an'-gal talk would worry anybody; but it come mighty nigh runnin' the passenger from Vermont crazy. Ef scornful looks an' black frowns could 'a' kilt anybody, you wouldn't see me here now. He turned to Billy wi' a snort, an' says, 'You may be a fool, but don't let it show so plain!' The little chap blushed an' didn't know what to say. He looked at me, an' I laughed and winked at him. 'I wouldn't mind Vermont ef I was you. He's fur from well, an' the reason we stopped here was bekaze I want to have some gruel made for him. I'm gwine over to the cabin an' see ef the lady of the house won't fix him up somethin' that'll stay on his stomach.' Tidwell an' Gossett laughed ontell I had to tell 'em for to quit, an' Billy j'ined in.

"'I Did, Ma'am,' Says He, His Voice Weaker"

"The Vermont man wanted to make a fire for to roast some yams he had in his wallet, but I had to say no, bekaze a fire is one of the things that you can't manage to hide ef some un's a-lookin'; an' this sot the man to cussin' an' snortin' ag'in. 'I'm gwine over to the cabin,' says I, 'an' ef you'll gi' me your yams I'll have 'em cooked for you.' You wouldn't skeersely believe it ef you hadn't 'a' seed a whole lot of folks, but that man squirmed about where he was settin' at jest as ef I was runnin' a knife into his vitals.

"Well, I put out for the cabin in a little while, an' when I got thar ever'thing was as still an' as peaceful as a wheat-field at noon on the second day of June. A little brown dog wagged his tail at me, an' I took that as a good sign. I hailed an' I holla'd, an' when a 'oman opened the door my face was so close to her'n that she fell back wi' a little squeal that you couldn't 'a' heer'n more'n a mile. You may not know it, but I have a way wi' wimmen an' hosses an' p'inter dogs, an' I didn't have to give the 'oman but two of my full-length grins before she was my frien' for life. The fust thing that ketched my bonnie blue eyes was a man layin' up in bed. His coat was flung over the back of a cheer, but shoes an' shirt an' britches was missin', an' then I know'd the man was playin' off. He had jumped in bed wi' all the rest of his cloze on.

"I tol' the 'oman what I wanted, an' she said she'd be glad for to oblige me. An' then I turned on the man. 'Kind friend,' says I, 'I'm no cornscrip' officer, an' you'd jest as well git out'n that bed; I know you don't feel good wi' your shoes an' britches on.' 'I'm sick,' says the man, an' he certainly looked the part, for he had turned as white as a sheet. 'Then,' I says, 'git up an' pull off your cloze an' go to bed right.' The 'oman, she chimed in an' chirped up, 'Git up from thar, John, for the Lord's sake, an' don't be a fool jest bekaze you know how!' Then she ast me how I know'd that John had the most of his cloze on, but I shuck my head, an' said that was betwixt friend John an' me, an' I'd not be the one for to give him away. At this the 'oman flung her apern over her head an' laughed ontell she had to grope aroun' for a cheer for to set on. She wanted to send frien' John—I know'd him by no other name—wi' me for to he'p fetch the rations, but I thanked her, an' said that seein' as how friend John was kinder puny, I'd fetch the stuff in the green state, an' John could fetch it in the dry.

"Daylight was done gone when I come out'n the house, but ol' Mrs. Moon was puttin' in some of the lovely work that the poets tell about, an' ef the sun was missed by anybody I never heer'n from 'em. I went along for a hunderd yards or more, when it suddenly come to me that ef I'd git behind a tree an' stan' thar a couple of little minnits, it'd do my complexion good; so behind a tree I went, an' commenced to begin to reflect on the natchal cussedness of man; an' then, long before I could make out in my mind how big the bad place would have to be for to hol' all that's headin' that-a-way, who should come a-creepin' up but friend John? He passed right by me an' never seed me, an' then stood a-peerin' an' a-peepin' for all the worl' like a chicken that's tryin' for to find a place to roost arter dusk has fell.

"I laid my han' on his shoulder, an' said in a tremblin' voice, 'Is it the booger man, friend John?' Ef I hadn't 'a' helt him up I believe in my soul he'd 'a' drapt in his tracks. He was past talkin', an' when he tried for to say somethin' he made motions wi' his whole diaframe like he had drunk a pailful of eppycac. 'Now, John,' says I, 'you'll break my young heart ef you expose yourself this-a-way. You go right back home an' git your ol' 'oman for to make you some red-pepper tea, an' put a hot brick to your feet.'

"Well, he didn't have a bit of trouble in gittin' away from thar. He went right along, an' didn't so much as turn his head. I got the rations, an' took 'em to the 'oman, an' ast her to please, ma'am, let John fetch 'em to the camp. 'He can jest holla ef he can't find us, an' I'll holla back.' I took my time gittin' back to the boys, bekaze I was tryin' for to ketch on to what John was up to. I know'd it was some kind of devilment, but what? Right thar I had to stop. As in checkers you have to wait for the other feller to make his first move, so I had to wait for friend John to cut his caper.

"In no long time friend John come along wi' the provender his ol' 'oman had cooked. He put it down, an' when he raised up the moon shone squar in his face. Billy Borin' lifted his head, an' when he seed friend John, 'Why, hello!' he says, jest as innocent as a baby. Mighty nigh before he got the words out'n his mouth, the delegate from Vermont jumped up with a smotherin' oath that had bristles on it. Wi' that I made out I was mad. I flung in some language myself, an' then I says to Vermont, 'You ill-bred villain! why don't you look whar you set down? I wish that chinkapin burr had 'a' gone plum through you! I tell you right now, I've had as much of your gaboozlin' as I want!' Now, the man was a right smart chap when it come to books an' things that don't count. You could run him mighty nigh crazy by suggestin' that arter all it was jest as natchal for the worl' for to be flat as it was for it to be roun'. He know'd ever'thing but the right thing at the right time. I made him believe that I had missed the whole p'int of the business, an' when I thanked John, seemingly wi' a full heart, for all his trouble, the Vermont chap would 'a' gone on the stan' an' took oath that I thought he'd been stung by a chinkapin burr; an' ef he had any kinder doubt I wiped it off'n his min' by astin' John to call on us the next mornin'.

"John sorter hung 'roun' a few long minnits, an' then he mosied off home. I sot thar, I did, an' watched the moon sailin' in an' out a flock of flyin' clouds, an' tried for to puzzle out the puzzle that John had sot for me. I happened to turn my eyes to'rds Brother Vermont, an' he was watchin' me like a hawk. Says I, 'Maybe you can tell me what the weather is?' I must 'a' fetched him down from a great height, for he give a little jump like he was dodgin' somethin'. 'The weather?' he says. 'Yes,' says I, 'jest the plain weather. What is weather?' He looked as black as a charred pine stump in a patch of daisies. 'I'm afeard,' he says, 'that you're not in your right mind.' 'You've hit the nail on the head,' says I; 'I'm usin' my left un to-night.'

"John was the key to the whole business, an' arter givin' Tidwell the wink, I slipped off to John's cabin, bekaze, ef he happened to have company, I wanted to be interduced; but I was jest in time for to be too late. As I come in sight of John's domesticated establishment I heard the door slam, an' away went John. He was a mighty interestin' sight, bekaze the road he took was the identical road we had to travel ef we got to Richmon'-on-the-Jeems. Thinks I to myself, ef friend John can do some movin' thar ain't nothin' to hender me from stirrin' about, an' I went back to whar the boys was, an' give the word to break camp. We cleaned up ever'thing, as the wimmen say, an' went to housekeepin' away on the other side of John's house.

"That done, I went back to John's place, sneaked in the yard, an' took my seat on the back steps, as humble as you please. I kinder felt like I was betrothed to John. Ain't that the word the fellers use in the books when thar's a gal some'rs in the lane? Well, I felt jest like a true-lover; it looked like to me ef I couldn't git my han's on John I'd jest natchally pine away. The little brown dog know'd I was honin' arter friend John, bekaze he come an' laid his head acrosst my foot, an' it was mighty consolin'. How long I sot thar I'll never tell you. I lost myself some'rs in my thoughts, an' I never was foun' ontell the little dog raised his head an' whined, an' thar stood John, ready for to fall in my arms. 'A word too loud,' says I, restin' my pepper-box on his heavin' bosom, 'an' you'll have to take a dose of pills I've fetched along. You ain't feelin' none too well nohow.' I motioned wi' my han', an' he mosied along the way I wanted him to go, as tame as ef he'd been broke to the plow forty year or more.

"Not to the camp! Oh, no! Not by no means! We went to whar the road was in full view for as much as a mile, an' along about the time when the moon begun for to git

pale aroun' the gills, bein' tired from her long journey, here come a creetur company trottin' along the road, an' went in the gener'l direction of friend John's domestic residence. I started for to make a cheerful remark, but when I looked at friend John he was cryin' like a baby. He had put his foot in it up to the hip j'int. The Yankees would think he'd fooled 'em an' the Johnny Rebs would know that he was the kind of fruit that's allers ripe for the gallows in time of war.

"I headed friend John for the new camp, foun' Gossett in charge, stirred up the boys, an' headed for our favorite Southern scenes. I don't reckon you'll ever see a man as mad as the feller from Vermont was. He was vicious. He had a grudge ag'in the little drummer-boy as long as your arm. Billy Borin' had grit enough for a man, an' ef he'd 'a' been big enough, I'd 'a' turned him loose on Vermont.

"Soon arter we got on foot we had somethin' else to think about. We hadn't gone fur before the noise of a mighty racket come to our y'ears. Mosby had got wind of the creetur company, an' one of his captains, a feller named Chapman—he use to live up thar in Atlanty—went arter it, wi' about fifty men; an' the way he whirled 'em up an' knocked 'em about was a caution. He ketched all but three or four, an' he know'd he'd ketch 'em all before they got out'n that part of the country.

"I had a little confab wi' Chapman. He was a little chap, wi' bright black eyes that looked like they could bore holes in your hide, an' quick motions like a catbird. He had the idee that I wanted a guide, an' spoke up before I had a chance for to put in a word, an' said he didn't have a man he could spar'. But I wa'n't arter a guide; I jest wanted to put him on notice that the idee of slappin' children in prison kinder went ag'in the grain. He shuck han's wi' me, an' says, 'My friend, too much talk never kep' a child out'n prison sence the world begun.' I never know'd rightly what he meant, but it didn't take me long for to put my own meanin' in it; an' the minnit I made up my mind I made Vermont tote little Billy Borin's drum.

"Now you know yourself that a kittle drum ain't much of a load, but that man chafed under it like a mule wi' a side-saddle on. He gritted his teeth, he clinched his big han's, an' wallopped the drum aroun' ontell Billy holla'd an' ast me not to let him break it; an' the words wa'n't skeersely out'n the boy's mouth before Vermont hit the drum slam-bang ag'in a tree, an' smashed it all to pieces. That was one of the times when I was mad clean through an' back ag'in. I called a halt, an' ast the boys what ought to be done wi' a man like that. Some said one thing an' some said another. Says I, 'It'd be flingin' away powder for to shoot him, but he'll pay for that drum!' Billy was a-cryin', an' Tidwell was mighty nigh as mad as I was. I cut me a long keen hick'ry, an' I lit into Vermont an' give the wust frailin' that ever a white man got in this free republic.

"Oh, he fit back all right! He run at me as servigrous as a wild creetur; I side-stepped an' let him run over my foot an' down he went. The jar dazed him, an' before he could git on his feet ag'in I had picked the fillin' out'n his uniform wi' my hick'ry. I've allers been sorry that I didn't take both of his y'ears off, bekaze ef ever a man won a life-mark, it was that scamp from Vermont.

"Well, arter he lost his drum Billy Borin' didn't seem to thrive. He'd smile at me when I tried to cheer him up, but somehow his eye wa'n't as bright nor his movements as peart as they mought 'a' been; an' I could see wi' half a' eye that he wuz gittin' punier an' punier. Maybe it would 'a' happened that-a-way ef his drum hadn't 'a' got broke, but I've allers had it strong in my mind that he'd 'a' got along purty well ef he'd 'a' had his drum for to keep him company.

"I could tell you tales by the hour on jest this kinder longin'—how ol' Jed Horton lost a buckeye that he had had in his pocket forty-odd years, an' hunted it ontell he drapt dead; how Alf Jepson had some martin gourds that he put up when a boy, an' one year when the martins went some'r's else, an' didn't come to his house, he lay down an' died.

"Natchally, you can say that thar ain't nothin' in sech things, an' while you're sayin' it you've got a sneakin' notion that maybe thar mought be somethin' in it, bekaze you know that the wisest man in the worl' knows jest as much about it as the babe at the breast.

"By the time night fell on the second day Billy was gittin' purty wobbly, an' I wa'n't fur from wobbly myself, havin' had no sleep to count. Jest before I turned in I went an' felt of the little chap, an' found him wide awake. Says I, 'What's the matter?' He says, 'I'm afeard that man is after me; he broke my drum that never done him no harm, an' now he's waitin' a good chance to git me. He thinks ef it hadn't been for me he wouldn't 'a' got that whippin'.'

"'Well,' says I, 'ef he ever says a word to you jest let me know it, an' I'll ripen him up for the buzzards,' an' I'd 'a' done it. When a man, young or ol', goes to war, he loses somethin' that he oughter keep by him. Somethin' or other is blotted out'n his soul that he never gits back ag'in. That's the reason I'd 'a' killed that man—not bekaze he was a Yankee, not bekaze he had been fightin' ag'in us, but bekaze somethin' inside of me had been blunted or broke off.

"Nex' mornin', when the word was give to move on, Billy Borin' got up an' started off spry enough to all appearance, but he hadn't gone fur before he begun for to stagger like a feller full of grog. He was sech a little bit of a chap, an' looked so peaked, that what little bit of heart the war had left me went right out to him, an' from that time on I begun for to feel better an' think more of myself. I made like I was playin', an' I squatted down before him, breakin' into a big laugh that had less fun in it than a powder magazine.

"Says I, 'Sonny, le's play hoss an' rider, an' I'll be the hoss.' He tried his best for to j'ine me in the laugh, but he made a mighty poor out at it.

"He clumb on my back, an' put his arms 'roun' my neck, an' I put a half-arm under each of his legs, an' off we started, me the hoss an' him the rider. I don't want you to think I was a plow-hoss; no, siree! When I play I'm a player right, an' I was a purty gay colt that day. I got skeer'd an' shied at ever' shadder, an' snorted, an' made out like I hadn't been broke good. This took Billy right back to whar he was before he j'ined the band as you may say, an' he laughed ontell he couldn't hardly hol' on. Then arter a little he got mighty quiet, an' it appeared to

"My Back was as Limber as a Yard of Yaller Ribbon"

me that he was heavier than when he fust crawled on my back. Tidwell looked at him an' foun' he was asleep.

"You know thar's some things you can git use to—sech as walkin', or runnin', or splittin' rails, or cleanin' up a new groun', but when it comes to totin' a great big chunk of a boy on your back, an' him a dead weight, you don't git in the habit of it as soon as you might think. More'n that, the thing seems for to work backerds: the furder you tote him the less you wanter tote him. I reckon the Ol' Boy must be in me somewhar, bekaze when I strike up wi' a job like that, an' git the idee that I can't keep it up a minnit longer, nor walk six inches furder wi'out drappin' in my tracks, I jest grit my teeth, an' stiffen up all over, an' move along like nothin' had happened.

"Well, I toted Billy Borin' ontell my back was as limber as a yard of yaller ribben, an' I jest had to stop, pertendin' it was dinner-time. You may ax why I didn't rig up a litter, an' make his feller-Yankees fetch him along. Well, for one thing, Billy wouldn't have it; by the time Tidwell took him off'n my back an' laid him down, he had a great fever for to warm him up, an' he was as errytubble as a settin' hen. When the feller from Vermont got too close to him he'd squall out for some un to drive him away. Tidwell could attend to this part of the business as well as I could, an' he made it right lively for Vermont; he could skeersely set anywhar for to eat his little dinner, but what Billy would raise up an' see him, an' beg some un to make him move.

"Now, whilst all this was gwine on I was layin' flat of my back, pantin' an' achin'. I was so nigh done up that we come mighty nigh makin' a pop'lar resort of the place. When we got ready for to move, Tidwell wanted to tote Billy, an' when the boy wouldn't have it he wanted to make a litter; but Billy said he wa'n't nuther dead nor wounded, an' he kicked up so that I tol' 'em to put the saddle on me ag'in. I dunno what made me do it, onless it's bekaze I've got a mighty hankerin' arter young folks of the brunette brand, an' a mighty weak place in my gizzard for the kinder folks I like. So I ast Tidwell for to fasten two belts together, an' hitch 'em under Billy's arms, an' pass 'em around my manly shirt-front—though I ain't so certain an' shore that I had on a shirt along in them times. This done, the sick boy was lifted on to his favorite pack-mule, an' off we started.

"When you're totin' a load like that one day is purty much like another, cloudy or shiny, an' it looked like to me that I was walkin' in a dream. It looked like that what was happenin' had done happened years ago—an' bejiggered ef I don't believe it did! Somewhar an' somehow, a man named Sanders had a load for to carry an' he toted it so fur an' so long that arter a while it turned into a night-mar'—an' though that didn't make it none the lighter thar was some consolation in knowin' that it wa'n't nothin' but a bad dream that'd pass away as soon as some kind friend would come along an' shake you by the shoulder.

"Plum' to Richmon'! That was the way of it—an' day in an' day out it was allers the same. I know'd I was gwine to give out, an' I know'd a heap better that I wa'n't; the more w'ary I got, the bigger the Ol' Boy grow'd, an' I jest mosied along, not keerin' what the President had for dinner. As luck would have it, we come into sight of the town right whar the army hospittle was. I was staggerin' on by, follerin' Tidwell an' the rest, when out pops a young feller I use to know in Georgia. I know'd him when he was a schoolboy, an' now, here he was a-practicin' for to kill folks wi' vial an' knife. I laid Billy in his arms—anyway, he got him in his arms, an' as soon as I could straighten out my skiatica an' the various warped ligatures of my diaframe, I put the case to him jest as it was, an' I talked to him same as ef I was his mother-in-law. He was to take the boy in, gi' him the best he had in his 'pothecary-shop, an' do for him jest as he'd do for me. Well, the young feller's daddy had been beholdin' to me in many ways—I had holp him out'n two or three mighty bad scrapes—an' I know'd he'd do jest what he said.

"He called for a couple of nurses an' a litter, an' in little or no time Billy Borin' was lots comfortubbler than he'd 'a' been at home. You wouldn't skeersely believe it, but that Vermont feller give the whole thing dead away, an' it was all that my young doctor friend could do for to keep the authorities from movin' little Billy Borin' into the Yankee ward, from where he'd 'a' had to go to prison ef he'd 'a' ever got well. Even then I had to git Albert Lamar to pull some inside strings. All this made me think lots more of Billy than I would 'a' thought ef they'd 'a' jest let the little feller alone. Thar ain't nothing like a fight fer fertilizin' friendship. Well, Billy stayed right whar the young doc. put him, an' when he got so he could travel I put him in the han's of John Omahundro, an' in little more'n a fortnight he was safe at home in his mammy's arms.

"But now comes the funny part of the story," Mr. Sanders continued, with a broad smile. "When Billy come to be a man, the fust thing he did was to hunt for the Vermont man that maltreated him an' his drum. He brooded over it all, ontell he had a mania on the subject; he'll tell you so hisself. He know'd the man's name, an' whar he lived at, an' he made straight for the place. When he got thar, some un show'd him the house, an', wi' his han' on his gun, he went an' knocked at the door.

"It was opened by one of the purtiest gals you ever seed; she was so purty that Billy says he come mighty nigh swallerin' his hat arter he jerked it off. Says he in a weak voice, 'Whar's Mr. Bradbury?' 'Do you want to see him?' says she. 'I did, ma'am,' says he, his voice weaker, 'but sence I've seed you I don't know that I want to see him.' Says she, 'Why, that's very queer,' an' then a rose or two bloomed in her cheeks, an' she laughed. Billy smiled a mournful smile, an' then, says he, 'Yes'm, it's lots queerer than you think.'

"Then the gal said that if he had ever know'd her daddy she'd be glad for to take him in the room whar he was layin'. It seems that he'd had a stroke of palsy. Well, the upshot of it was that Billy Borin' made hisself so pleasin' in ever'body's sight that he ketched the gal. The daddy died, an' in a year or two he took her to his own home, an' then migrated down this way a-huntin' me up. He looked aroun' town a time or two, an' then he moved here an' built that mill I showed you. As to doin' well, Billy would do well anywhar. We'll go roun' arter dinner an' see him an' his folks, an' when you see 'em you'll be glad I ast you."

Life in New York on Nothing a Year

Where Food, Shelter and Amusements May be Had for the Asking and Technical Trade-Education is Free

By RENÉ BACHE

TO BE alone in a great city like New York, without money or friends, is surely a most distressing situation. And yet it is undeniably true that a person so placed suffers, if at all, largely through ignorance. There are plenty of friends who are waiting to welcome him, if he did but know where to look for them; and as for money, one might almost say that he can get along comfortably without any, if acquainted with the simple means by which, without loss of self-respect, he may obtain a hundred and one things for nothing.

Like a ruthless, heartless monster does the metropolis appear to the man who is "down on his luck." In the midst of the ever-changing multitude, which eyes him with the vacant stare of non-recognition, he is more lonely than if in an untrodden wilderness. He is willing and anxious to work, but nobody seems to want to employ him. Amusements are plentiful, but all of them cost money, and so to him they are denied. There is no place for him to go, unless to the little hall-bedroom, which is perhaps his only substitute for a home.

Oh, the wretchedness of that substitute—a domiciliary expedient apparently contrived, like the famous cage of Louis XI, for the purpose of depriving the occupant of all possibilities of comfort! No wonder that the young man—let it be supposed that he has youth and health to befriend him—is tempted to despair! How can he, a stranger, be expected to know that in many parts of the city there are organizations of earnest, kindly people who are eager to give him encouragement and substantial help, if only he will afford them the opportunity? Certainly, if he will go to see some of these people he will no longer be without friends. If he has no money, they will show him how to do without it, and, under their guidance, he will discover many different ways of obtaining healthful amusement and useful knowledge.

Suppose, for example, that it occurs to him to look up the so-called Educational Alliance, which occupies a building at the corner of Jefferson Street and East Broadway. The name sounds to him rather formidable, but he finds that in reality it is nothing more than a congeries of clubs, formed for purposes of mutual help, amusement and social enjoyment. There are over a thousand members, and he is welcomed if he chooses to "belong." Thus he finds an excellent opportunity to make acquaintances, with a variety of amusements easily at hand. He may play games in the "social room"; he may join one of the dancing-classes; he may take books from the circulating library, or he may secure membership in the "dramatic club"—an organization which gives plays at stated intervals, and which even presents light operas occasionally, with the coöperation of the "musical club."

This, however, is by no means all. There is a roof garden, where concerts are given in summer by the musical club; instruction is furnished by night schools; a "camera club" encourages the study of photography; excursions are organized to visit places of interest in the neighborhood of New York, and baseball and football teams engage in friendly contests with rival teams in the so-called Inter-Settlement League. Last, but not least important, there are camping expeditions in summer, small parties going out and living in tents in the woods, by sea or lake, or in the mountains, for a fortnight. All of these things are free of charge, and though the young man of the hall-bedroom must expect to pay his carfare on camping and other excursions, this is not a very serious item, the expense of a two weeks' outing, if he can afford it, being only three dollars.

When a few educated men and women go into one of the poor districts of the city and live there, gathering the people around them, organizing them into clubs, and in other ways helping them to help themselves, the enterprise is called a "Social Settlement." There are a number of such settlements in New York, and in the aggregate they do an enormous amount of good. One of them is at No. 265 Henry Street, and another, known as the "University Settlement," is at Eldridge and Rivington Streets. Each of them has its social clubs, its club-house for men and women, its gymnasium and its dancing-classes. The last are very important, because dancing is the favorite amusement of the young folks of the tenements.

If our young man is so unfortunate as to be taken sick, he has only to communicate with one of these settlements, and a trained nurse will be sent to take care of him. Of course, he ought to have a doctor, and, at once on receiving word, a competent physician will be dispatched from the nearest dispensary to attend him. The doctor, ascertaining that he has no money, will give to the nurse a prescription which will be filled at an apothecary-shop in the neighborhood, together with a milk-ticket good for one week at the "diet-kitchen." For common-sense reasons, the diet-kitchen is operated as an annex to the dispensary, its function being to relieve the necessities of the destitute sick, and to furnish them with substantial nourishment properly prepared. The milk-ticket will obtain all the milk that is wanted, and it may be renewed at the end of the week; but other things are supplied if required—such, for example, as oatmeal, rice, broth, fresh eggs and calf's-foot jelly.

When he is well enough to go about again, the young man proceeds at leisure to explore the metropolis, and discovers that there are a good many amusements which he can enjoy without paying. If it is summer, he may listen to the finest kind of music in the public parks. The city spends $100,000 a year for band concerts, giving thirty such entertainments in Central Park each season, and twelve in each of the fourteen other parks on Manhattan Island. Furthermore, for the special benefit of the people of the congested downtown districts, who are obliged to work all day, the concerts in that part of the town are given in the evenings.

If the young man is fond of outdoor games he can find plenty of facilities for baseball, tennis and croquet in various parks. Crotona Park, up in the Bronx, has a fine grandstand on its baseball-ground, and Pelham Bay Park boasts a golf links. The latter park, by the way, has an open water-front on the Sound, with nine miles of shore-line, and free bath-houses are provided for swimmers. In fact, the parks of New York are a great system of playgrounds for the people, and the amusements they afford, of whatever description, are free of charge.

Hamilton Fish Park, at Houston and Pitt Streets, Occupied up to 1896 by Two Frightfully Congested Blocks Where Poverty and Misery Dwelt and Crime was Rife

The Zoölogical Park in the Bronx, of course, is the finest establishment of its kind in the world, and to see everything it contains costs not a cent. Then there is the Metropolitan Museum of Art, with its superb galleries of paintings, sculptures and other art works, free to all on certain days of the week; and, equally worth seeing, the American Museum of Natural History, at Seventy-seventh Street and Central Park West—the greatest natural history museum in existence, crowded with curiosities of every imaginable description, not least among which is the skeleton of an ancient reptile sixty-seven feet long, which weighed ninety tons when it was alive!

Of lectures, which the young man may attend without charge, there is no end. They are given, under the auspices of the Board of Education, at fifty-one different places in Manhattan alone, the lecturers being men distinguished in every branch of research and professional knowledge. There are discourses on physiology, on natural science, on sociology, on astronomy, on geographical discovery, on volcanoes and on electricity. Some of them are given in courses—for example, a series of eight "talks" on light, or an equal number on heat. Literature is not neglected, and there are lectures also on music and art. One has a wide range of choice, and, for the benefit of the foreign population, lectures are delivered in various languages, including Yiddish. Nearly always they are illustrated by the "magic lantern," no fewer than one hundred and fifty such instruments being owned and operated by the Board of Education. The whole system is educational in the highest and broadest sense, and, by judiciously selecting the course of study to be pursued, the young man may obtain a great deal of valuable instruction.

On the roofs of some of the schools are so-called "roof-gardens," used during sessions as playgrounds for children. They are floored with asphalt, and, being covered over by wire screens, afford first-rate facilities for ball-play and other juvenile amusements. But in the summer they are utilized for free evening concerts and dances for older folks, bands being hired by the Board of Education to furnish the music.

Other roof-gardens the young man can find at the "recreation-piers," of which there are no fewer than eight along the water-front of the East River and North River. One of these piers, which is typical, is at the foot of Third Street, and runs out into the water a distance of two hundred and fifty feet. It is built in two stories, the upper part of the structure serving as a roof-garden, where a band plays on summer evenings. Minor refreshments, such as ice cream and peanuts, may be purchased, but otherwise the recreation-piers, which are open from May to December, are free to the public.

Of free baths there is no lack, and, if any citizen is not clean, the fault is his own and not that of the municipality. For example, at No. 9 Center Market Place, near Grand Street, the young man will find quite a handsome establishment called the People's Baths. On entering, he may apply at a window for soap and towels, the charge for which is five cents; but, if he does not happen to have the requisite nickel, he will get them just the same. There

is one department for men and another for women, the chief difference between the two being that the women have tubs, while the men, after disrobing, wash themselves standing, with the help of an overhead shower. The privacy is absolute. Since 1891, a million and a quarter of people have used these baths.

At various points along the water-front, both east and west, the city maintains free swimming-baths, so that people may have the benefit of salt-water ablution. Separate provision is made for men and women, and lockers are provided for clothing. In Seward Park, on Canal Street, far over to the east, there are fifty bath-rooms, and all day long, especially in warm weather, applicants are waiting to occupy them. Above the baths there is a pavilion, reserved for mothers and babies who come out of the surrounding slums and enjoy the air of the breathing-place, watching the while a throng of merry-making children who pursue a variety of sports in a sort of outdoor gymnasium. There are similar arrangements for bathing and play in the Hamilton Fish Park, at Houston and Pitt Streets—an area occupied up to 1896 by two frightfully congested blocks, where poverty and misery dwelt and crime was rife. It was in the centre of these blocks that the dreadful hole called Bone Alley was formerly located.

Should other sources of gratuitous amusement fail, there is the Botanical Garden, attached to which is a museum, with a lecture theatre, where discourses are given on interesting features of plant life, illustrated by the stereopticon. But it is hardly possible in such brief space to make note of more than a small fraction of the many things which may be enjoyed in New York without paying for them. Free libraries, scattered all over the city, furnish books *ad libitum*. For a small item, letter-paper and envelopes, for correspondence, may be obtained

A Throng that Pursues a Variety of Sports in an Outdoor Gymnasium

at any hotel, being gladly given away for the sake of advertising. Hot-coffee wagons go about the streets in cold weather, distributing drinks which cheer but do not inebriate, and, at a last and painful pinch, one may even join the "bread line" after midnight at a certain Broadway bakery, and be sure of a nutritious and palatable loaf.

Perhaps by this time the young man has got so far behind with his rent that even the humble hall-bedroom which he has hitherto occupied can no longer give him shelter. It is a serious situation. Very likely he came to New York with a little money and an absolute confidence in his ability to find remunerative employment. But work is hard for a man to get, if he be a stranger and not specially skilled in any art, and so the dollars have dwindled until the last of them is gone. In such an emergency the unfortunate youth may be obliged to pawn his clothes, and finally he is reduced to a shabbiness which in itself is a bar to his prospects of securing a situation.

At this desperate crisis in his affairs, quite possibly, he discovers the home of the Industrial Alliance, on the corner of Bleecker and Sullivan Streets, being led thereto by information to the effect that the establishment will give him a square meal free of charge. He gets the meal, but quickly ascertains that the Alliance, which is the most practical charity in the city, will do a great deal more for him than that. It will give him a home for a month or two, if he needs it, will feed him and clothe him, and will furnish him with employment on the premises. In return, he will be expected to work, but, if he amounts to anything, he will find this condition to his liking, being thus enabled to preserve his self-respect.

The Industrial Alliance is a temporary home for homeless, friendless men. Last year it gave 84,049 free meals and 25,500 free lodgings. But this was only incidental, the object of the organization being to furnish food and shelter with work. Its fundamental idea is that the unfortunate applicant for help requires something more than a night's lodging, an occasional meal, and an exhortation to be good. The house it occupies is a factory, in the various departments of which brooms, brushes, feather-dusters and shoes are made, chairs are caned, tailoring is done, and furniture is repaired. The inmates, some of them, do canvassing from house to house, seeking customers for the products, while others go out to do odd jobs. There are dormitories on the upper floors, and in each bathroom is a laundry-tub, in which a man can wash his only shirt, pair of socks or handkerchief, and have them dry in the morning. Pathetic little washings, these—hung out by persons long strangers to cleanliness, but now animated by a reawakened self-respect.

In regard to this charity, a few more words are warranted, by reason of its extraordinary utility. The kitchen has a capacity of 25,000 meals a day, the standard price per meal being five cents. Nearly a quart of good stew, a third of a loaf of bread, and a big cup of coffee go for a nickel; but the bill-of-fare is quite varied. Hot five-cent meals are furnished for home consumption, and essential groceries are sold in five-cent parcels. In this way the few pennies of many a poor family are multiplied in purchasing power, and, at the same time, the self-respect of the people is preserved, because they pay for what they get. Unfortunately, the work is restricted by lack of funds, which, if supplied to a reasonable amount, would enormously augment its usefulness.

Men are often homeless through no fault of their own. Long sickness has exhausted their savings, or they have been discharged from hospitals when able to walk but too weak to work. There is, besides, a large and apparently increasing class of men, honest, temperate and industrious, who are partly incapacitated. They have been forced out of trades by impaired sight or hearing, or by the loss of a limb, or perhaps by advancing age. The industries of to-day demand the brawn and energy of youth. In every city thousands of this class are waging an heroic fight against desperate odds, often supporting families from odd jobs which net them an average of less than fifty cents a day. These, rather than the slum-dwellers, are the people who really deserve to be pitied and helped.

By this time the young man of our story, let us hope, has begun to emerge from his troubles. With the help of the Industrial Alliance, he secures a position somewhere, with good prospects ahead, and, being anxious to better himself, he applies for admission to the evening classes at Cooper Union. In this institution, which is a condensed university, with eighty-eight instructors and over three thousand students, he finds a wide range of studies open to him, including chemistry, electricity, architecture, modeling in clay, engineering, water-color work, stenography and typewriting, telegraphy, bridge-building, naval architecture, decorative designing, astronomy, oratory, and miniature painting from life. All of these courses are free, and there are also free lectures. Free scholarships are offered as rewards for exceptional endeavor

If he prefers, our young man may devote his evenings to studying a trade at the Trade School, on the corner of Sixty-seventh Street and First Avenue—an institution maintained chiefly by J. Pierpont Morgan. One department

At No. 9 Center Market Place the Young Man Will Find a Handsome Establishment Called the People's Baths

is here devoted to plumbing, another to bricklaying, another to painting and glazing, another to frescoing, another to sign-painting, another to printing, another to electricity, another to sheet-metal work, and so on.

An interesting exhibit at this school, by the way, is a complete section of a house, like a slice cut from a huge cake. It shows all the plumbing complete, from the boilers in the basement to the storage-tank on the roof, and includes a fully-equipped bathroom and a stationary washstand for each bedroom. This was executed from beginning to end by pupils. Likewise, in the carpentry-room, there is a complete wooden house, one-quarter size, built by students. Last year there were eight hundred and fifty-six pupils, most of whom attended evening classes. They come from all over the country, and rooms are provided for lodgings, including light and attendance, at six dollars a month. Classes are practically free, only a nominal charge being made. No young man is graduated until he is really a first-class expert in his line, and his diploma is a guarantee of skill that will get him employment almost anywhere.

If, in the intervals of work and study, our young man has time for accomplishments, he may join the People's Singing Classes, of which Mr. Walter Damrosch has made a great success. Practically, the opportunity is free of cost, only a nominal ten cents a lesson being charged, while "music and etceteras" are furnished gratis The object of the enterprise is to promote a love of good music among working folks, and to obtain admission the applicant need not be able to distinguish one note from another. Classes are held in various places about town, and thirty lessons are given from October, when they begin, to April. The principal office is at No. 131 West Fourteenth Street, which is likewise the headquarters of the Choral Union, composed of graduates of the school.

Should anybody who employs our young man fail to reward him fairly for his work—or should anybody do him an injury of any kind actionable under the law—he may, if unable to pay for good legal advice, obtain it for nothing, with services of skilled counsel, by applying to the Legal Aid Society, whose headquarters are at No. 239 Broadway. There, on the payment of a merely nominal retainer of ten cents, he may find out exactly what he ought to do to get justice, and, without additional charge, a competent lawyer will press his claim, if it be a reasonable one, for the money rightfully due.

It is really a wonderful thing to discover that such a remorseless monster of a city possesses, after all, some bowels of compassion—that, actually, all parts of its nervous system are knotted with ganglia which respond sympathetically to charitable "irritations." As a matter of fact, New York is probably the most charitably generous community in the world. It maintains a myriad enterprises for the benefit and succor of all kinds of unfortunate human beings, and, if anybody suffers, it is almost invariably because he or she does not possess the information which should give direction to the place where the trouble may be cured or the mischief remedied

One of These Piers, Which is Typical, is at the Foot of Third Street

BY SOFT PERSUASION

II—Some Japanese Prints

By MIRIAM MICHELSON

Author of In the Bishop's Carriage

I THOUGHT for a moment, as my Respected Proprietor stood there looking down at me, his face livid with wrath, that he was actually about to trample on me. But, even as I marveled at it, the fury in his face was gone, leaving it haggard, terrified, but cunning still and cautiously alert.

"What—what have you there, Miss Massey?" he asked, trying to steady his voice down to a matter-of-fact tone.

I looked up at him. There's no grace in him—of course, he'd pretend still and he—he uselessly even with the futility of lying obvious to every one in the world but himself

"It's—just proof that I had the right name for you this afternoon, Mr. Offield," I said slowly.

He jumped. "And what name shall be applied to a criminal like you," he shouted, "taking advantage of a position of trust to break open your employer's desk?"

"Oh—oh!" I exclaimed; I felt stunned for a second, as though I'd been struck. "That's what your face meant when you came in . . . But you're wrong. Fairbuoy helped me open the drawer; we wanted Quillinan's picture And then—afterward—I found this!" I spread my open hands over the torn papers in my lap.

He stood a moment watching me. I fancy he must have believed me. But then I was so simply sure of speaking the truth, and so preoccupied thinking of what might have been and couldn't—just couldn't be—that it never occurred to me he might doubt.

"I—I beg your pardon, Miss Massey," he said with an effort. "May I help you to rise?"

He reached out his hand; but I scrambled to my feet without touching it. Oh, it's a blackguard hand, that well-cared-for, white hand, shaking so visibly now that he himself noticed it and rammed it down into his pocket!

Then he stood there, a gross little figure watching me while, with careful deliberation, I pieced the torn fragments together on top of his desk and stood bending over them.

No, no, it wasn't the constructive instinct that makes one put fragments together again. It was just that I was hungering for the sight of it all straightened out with Offield's unmistakable "m's" and "k's"; with his initials adding emphasis to a question mark he'd placed in the margin calling attention to an underscored word, just as he does in a proof, and at the bottom of the page, written squarely out:

"Stand pat on the forty thousand. The risk we run, the hurt the ad. itself, even in the special edition, may do us is worth all of that to us—and more to Bassett. U. P.'ll pay up all right.—C. S. O."

There it was—just as Ted must have submitted it to Offield and got it back with the notes, to re-submit to Bassett, and finally to incorporate all our Respected Proprietor's objections into the finished contract which Newberry had signed for United Power and Ted for the News.

I looked up from it at last to Offield's face—it was gray.

"Sit down a moment, won't you?" he stammered "I—I've got something to say."

I shook my head. But I stood there waiting with that exposé spread out before us both. You see, the appearance of it somehow seemed to paralyze me; to put a stop to everything; to make it unnecessary for me to do anything more.

"It was this way," he went on, "I—I did really forget about it. Oh—I assure you I did! And—after I had given that interview to the Mail (in which I expressed what was genuine indignation at Mr Thompson's conduct), having forgotten—and really never having thoroughly understood the—I mean, not having given proper attention to the matter . . . At any rate, I remembered, but, of course, it was too late The mischief was done for Thompson It's about him you care?"

I nodded. It didn't seem very sensible to listen to such stuff as that but it came upon me suddenly then the desperate need to range myself openly on Ted's side

"Well we can make that all right," he went on quickly I you can't expect me to go back on my tracks now but, after a bit, things will quiet down and he can come back to the office. I've got to discharge him, of course, for the form of the thing, but he will get his salary just the same, and he can drop down to the Islands or over to Japan till——"

"You fancy he'd work—again—for you!" I gasped.

He got red and fidgeted a moment. Then, making a sudden resolution, he said:

"See here now, Miss Massey, if you'll hand over that paper to me I'll give you and Thompson a year's salary, transportation to Japan, and, after the year is up, I'll hold your positions open for you. Now, isn't that fair? . . Isn't it?" he repeated, as I didn't answer.

But I couldn't speak—not just that moment, for something choking in my throat. I was bending lovingly over that paper, noting every tiny red-ink mark, reading over every correction and amendment Offield had insisted upon. It seemed to me I must, must take it up and run away with it, but I didn't; I only crammed it into Offield's hands and ran desperately away without it

"But—oh, Miss Massey!" he called as I whirled out into the hall

I stopped a second and he came out after me.

"You're a sensible little thing, after all," he began, speaking in a confidential, low voice. "Suppose you just see Thompson when he gets in and put him wise. Tell him he'd better not come to the office. We can arrange——"

"Oh, you blackguard; you unspeakable, cowardly blackguard!" I sobbed, the tears running down my cheeks.

He looked at me as though I'd gone mad; as though he had himself and longed to tear me to pieces. And then, bewildered, he looked from me to the paper he still held.

"D-d'you think th-that makes any difference?" I demanded, furious that I couldn't control my voice.

"Oh! . . . You mean that you can give the story away without having the actual copy, and with my offer to you and Thompson to boot, you intend, you ——"

But I wouldn't let him say the name, though the thought that he might downed the hysterical sobs in my throat and gave me breath to speak at last.

Somehow There Was Nothing to Say

"No—no!" I said, gulping hard. "I can't give the story away, Mr Offield, with or without that paper, or—or any other way. And do you know why? For a reason that not another man on the paper, beside yourself, would need to be told. It's because we're bigger, better men than you, Ted and I. It's because this is an office story that I got hold of by being in the office. And if I gave it away—if I were blackguard enough to match you—Ted Thompson wouldn't accept rehabilitation at such hands as mine. It's because—but you couldn't understand if I'd explain to you by the hour! Only—you're safe . . . till Ted Thompson comes back to break every bone in your despicable body!" And I stormed down the steps; I couldn't wait for the elevator.

. . . . . .

The night air and the fog cooled me, and the sight of Bowman crossing over to take up the city desk again, and the crowds crossing Market Street, and a swift halloo behind me—I knew the voice; it was Frank McGowan's. He dropped off a cable-car and joined me

"Guess where I've been, Rhoda," he cried.

I shook my head.

"Out to see Judge Frisbie—police-court—don't you know Frisbie? Well, I sashayed out to the hall the first minute I could get after reading that noble interview with your generous and disinterested proprietor, Miss Massey——"

"Not mine any more," I interrupted, pointing to Bowman, who, across the street from us, was just entering the News Building.

"Shake!" Frank put out his hand. I dropped mine into it and he gave it a brotherly squeeze. "You're a man, Rhoda, and white," he gurgled, satisfied. "So'm I. Listen . . . 'How much does it cost, Judge?' I whispered to Frisbie in a lull in court, pretending to be consulting him about one of Brockinton's bulky briefs, but really showing him that dirty wipe at Ted in the Mail—'How much to lick Offield?' 'Twenty dollars,' says Frisbie, frowning judicially and diving down into his pockets. 'Twenty dollars, and I'll lend you the money.' . . . Ain't he a corker?"

I nodded delightedly. "But you're not ——"

"On my way down to lick Offield? That's just what I am, Miss Massey, a bit late, but here's the Judge's twenty to pay the fine I'll have to put up for it. Cheap at double the price, ain't it? And if you want to see the prettiest and speediest little scrap ——"

I shook my head. "I've had enough of the News," I said. "I wouldn't go back there even to see my R. P. licked, Frankie. I don't want even to see the paper to-morrow morning."

"Why? What's the paper going to say editorially about U. P.?"

"Oh, just roast the life out of Bassett and ——"

"What!"

"You didn't think," I cried with a last flicker of left-over ire in the poor old paper, "that the News was going to lie down under all these charges!"

"I've just bet a week's salary (week after next) that it would do that very same. Up at the Press Club the odds are five to three that Offield won't dare pipe a note in self-defense."

"Because?" I challenged.

He looked at me queerly. "Just where are you at, Rhoda?" he demanded facetiously.

I laughed. "It's a little hard to remember, Frank, the change has been so sudden. But do tell me, like a nice child."

"Well, nobody seems to know where it came from, perhaps it was a hint of Newberry's, but everybody appears to have an idea that U. P.'s got some esoteric sort of cinch on Offield—a duplicate, I think it is, that he signed and for ——"

"Frankie!" I squealed, stopping short in the street. "Oh, Frankie, say it over again!"

"I didn't give U. P. the strangle-hold, Rhoda," he reminded me. "I'm only jolly glad they've got it—if they have. But you don't mean to tell me you were city editor and news editor and managing editor a whole day and never got an inkling that your boss was in deeper water than he'll admit. Where are your wits, Rhoda Massey?"

"Oh, they're all right!" I chanted in gleeful, football fashion—I was so happy that plain talking

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of short stories, narrating the newspaper experiences of "A Yellow Journalist."

didn't seem adequate. "But know it? Of course I know some few things—but only officially; officially, you understand, Mr. McGowan. But now I do really know what you've told me and—Frankie, I could hug you!"

"I don't believe it," he said with challenging cynicism.

"Well, I won't try to convince you just this minute," I said happily, "because . . . well, because there's Senator Newberry crossing the street and he might . . ."

I stopped for a minute as Newberry raised his hat, passed us, hesitated, and then, as Frankie called out to him, "Say, Senator, guess what Rhoda Massey just said!" he turned and came back to where we were

He laughed when Frankie shamelessly repeated what I had said, and looked inquiringly at me.

"Oh, yes," I answered gayly, "I did say it, but Frankie's got the Press failing: he's given to misleading half-quotation. I did say I could hug him—if he weren't such a cheeky little beggar—but he's altogether too impudent to be huggable, isn't he?"

Newberry looked sharply down at me; once before this afternoon he had looked at me like that.

"Your mood is very gay, Miss Massey," he said slowly. "You seem much happier than you were a few hours ago."

"Naturally," I laughed; "I've lost me job."

Newberry stared.

"I've joined that club—the ex-City Editors' I was telling you about at the office," I explained

"I see . . . Miss Massey," Newberry said—he'd been doing some quick thinking (and so had I). "At the risk of becoming monotonous, I really think we could get on in business together if ——"

"I'm sure of it," I interrupted. "Wait a minute." And hauling McGowan off to one side, I whispered: "Look here, Frankie, there's something you've got to do for Ted Thompson that may cost more than twenty dollars, but it will be worth infinitely more than what you were thinking of; for he couldn't do it himself and I couldn't do it for him, and so . . . But you shall have the story, if there is one, and ——"

"What's up—what's up, Rhoda?" the boy cried eagerly, looking inquisitively toward Newberry, who had walked slowly to the corner.

"I can't tell you, and—you've got to trust me, Frank, and help me I want a proof out of the News composing-room of the editorial about United Power that is to run to-morrow morning. You've got to beg it or buy it or——. Oh, I don't care how you get it, and I wouldn't tell you how to go about it even if I had time to think out how. I can't help you to get in and loot the pantry where I've been acting as butler—but, Frankie, you're the dearest little expert burglar in the profession, and if you bring me that proof soon, right away—if you do ——"

"If I do! I bet the Judge's twenty I do, Rhoda Massey," he said, strutting a bit "Then afterward can I lick Offield?"

"There mightn't be time," I stammered. "The train's late, but by that time—Ted ——"

"Will be home himself? Hooray! Then I'll go *mit* and watch him do the beggar up."

"No, you won't; you'll get this thing for me and bring it to the hotel where I'll be waiting and—oh, please, Frankie!"

"What's the matter with to-morrow?"

"Not much, only—oh, you know very well, Frank McGowan, that the discreetest man in the world is more likely to talk to-day than to-morrow. Please, now."

"And miss a scrap, and such a scrap as that! What do you take me for?"

I looked at him a minute. "For b-best man at—the wedding, Frank!" I murmured.

"Really? Whoop!" He danced a little breakdown there in the street, then seized my hands a moment in an awful grip and whirled away.

"Senator," I said to Newberry when in his rounds he came back to me, "I'm very anxious to have an interview with Mr. Bassett. I think I'll have something to show him that will interest him, but if I don't—can you arrange it for me?"

"You wouldn't want to interview him about—any story recently published concerning United Power, Miss Massey?" he asked doubtfully. "Of course, you know Bassett's objection to being quoted in print."

"Ye—es, of course."

"And yet, Miss Massey," Newberry went on, carefully feeling his way, "I'd like you to see Ben Bassett in some other light than the one the papers picture him in. He's many-sided, is Bassett, and it wounds him to think that the public knows him only as—as . . . Why, Mary!" He broke off suddenly as the taller of two girls in an automobile that stopped at the curb bowed to him. "What lucky chance brings you to town to-day?"

She was a very queen of a girl, but she blushed a bit at his tone. Still, only in that condescending, gracious way such fine creatures have; betraying, not confusion, but interest, animation—and something subtler and sweeter that matched the light in Newberry's eyes.

"I'm down with Dorothea, Senator," she said, putting out a hand to meet his. "She has had her final interview with Mr. Lowenthal. Mother and I opposed it, but it's decided now and . . . What is it, Dorothea?" she added, as her sister burst into exclamation

"It's Miss Massey! . . . I'm Dorothea Chipchase, Miss Massey; don't you remember?" the girl cried, seizing my hand. "Mr. Lowenthal wrote to me again after you had spoken of me to him and—and I'm going on the stage It's settled. Isn't that fine? Oh—I'm so much obliged to you!"

I squealed back at her—it was delightful to see the animation in that girl's face and contrast it with the expression I had seen upon it when I was writing the Pollexfen story long ago. But the change in her was nothing compared to that in Mary Chipchase. No wonder Newberry could forget Bassett, the News, Rhoda Massey and everything else while he looked at her. But he did turn to me finally.

"Miss Chipchase and Dorothea are going to dine with me—won't you come, too, Miss Massey?"

I saw real appeal in his eyes. "Rhoda Massey, Gooseberry," was what was written therein, and positively I'd have enjoyed playing the part and being monopolized by

"You're Safe . . . Till Ted Thompson Comes Back to Break Every Bone in Your Despicable Body"

Dorothea, in order to give Newberry his opportunity, if it hadn't been for something far, far more important.

"No—no, thank you, Senator," I said slowly. "I can't. I have an appointment with Mr. Bassett—didn't I mention it? At his office—at half-past seven?"

His eyes met mine agreeingly. "Yes, I believe, come to think of it, you did," he said. "I'll call him up and remind him of it." And then he added, as he stepped into the car: "Bassett's a peculiar fellow, Miss Massey. It doesn't do to expect things too confidently from him. He's old caution itself, you know, and—no one can tell when he'll cool ——"

"So the safe way is to heap on more fuel," I interrupted quickly, as I nodded good-by to them all.

"Have you got it?" Newberry's eyes demanded; the chauffeur had swung around, but Newberry's curiosity swung him about also.

I wavered a second. Then I caught sight of Frank McGowan coming down street on a run, a galley proof fluttering triumphantly from his uplifted hand.

I nodded then to Newberry, and he lifted his hat and smiled back in unmistakable congratulation. You bet I had it

"Hooray for you, Frankie! Now, listen ——" I began, the moment I had hold of him.

"Who's the pretty girl?" he demanded, looking eagerly after the automobile.

"She's nameless and homeless, and you'll never see her again if you don't do what I want, Frank."

"Well, didn't I get your old proof for you?" he cried resentfully. "And isn't Blake, in the composing-room, already half ——"

"Blake, was it? The wretch! . . . Never mind that. It's your own old proof, Frankie, and you're to hie with it to the gray building where Boss Bassett ——"

"Not on your ——"

" . . . where Boss Bassett spins spider-webs for United Power," I went on quickly. "You show him the dreadful things the News is going to say about him to-morrow morning, calling particular attention to certain expressions likely to draw blood. 'Now, Mr. Bassett,' you says, striking manfully when the iron is hot, 'Mr. Bassett, be you a-goin' to stand for such goings-on an' never strike back a single stroke in self-defense?' And then ——"

"Then he'll rub his hand over that smug chin of his and say softly, 'I take a great personal interest in your career, Mr. McGowan. I have watched your work and predict fine things for you in the future. It is a weakness of mine to love to pose as the patron of youth and talent; that is why it is peculiarly painful for me to refuse you this small favor. But I really cannot, in justice to the great corporation I represent, be interviewed on this subject—nor any other. You know my invariable rule?'"

"Bravo! Bravo!" I applauded the really excellent imitation of the old Boss' best manner. "Here, take the proof, Frankie, and try it on him."

"I won't. What's the use of tackling Bassett? He's been overrun with reporters to-day and not a fellow's got a word out of him."

"Don't I know? Whoever got a word out of Bassett? Just go, like a nice lad, to please me, and—and Frankie——"

"Well?" he asked sulkily.

"And just forget to bring the proof with you when you come away, so he'll have it after you're gone to re——"

He wheeled about. "What're you up to, Rhoda Massey?" he demanded.

"Oh—something something, Frankie. No—no, I won't tell you, but if it turns out as—as I think it will, why, I haven't got any paper, and you and the Press shall have for your very own a scoop to make the town ring. And—and I'll throw in an introduction to Dorothea Chipchase to boot," I ended with a trembling laugh.

He was off with that, though he did assume the melodramatic air of a hero bound for martyrdom.

But he came running back. "Say, Rhoda, Offield heard of my asking Judge Frisbie how much fine I'd have to pay for licking him It's frightened him off the earth. They say up at the News office that he's to sail to-morrow morning for Japan. So when poor Ted gets there the cupboard 'll be bare and ——"

"Oh, never mind!" I cried. "See, it's seven o'clock. Hurry over to Bassett—he won't be there long"

I stood and watched him till he crossed over and went into the big gray sky-scraper that U. P has built on Market Street. The fog had lifted and the night was clear and balmy. Busy people don't often get a chance to feel the softness of a summer evening like that, but when the fog of your own preoccupation lifts for a moment and you see the world and love it, it is with a love that's all the greater for the many beautiful hours you've had to do without

And oh, I loved it as I stood there, the twilight of the town-life, between the worry of day and the hurry of night, when all the shoppers are gone home and even those shrill, human sparrows, the newsboys, are still; and the half-empty cars go jangling idly up and down, and the flower venders on the corner are packing up their pretty burdens carefully, as though they were fragile flower-babies that might die for lack of air and gentle handling

Funny to have nothing to do! I looked up at the big clock. A full half-hour yet. Slowly and dreamily—it seemed so odd to be idle—I walked down toward the ferry. Up this way, along this same street, a man would ride in about an hour—a real man, a newspaper man. Ah, me, there's this about a newspaper man: he doesn't go 'round on stilts and he isn't sure he's better (which often means cleverer in covering up his sins) than other men. He will come off his perch and he won't talk guff, and he'll meet

you on any ground but a pretentious one. There's nothing of the ostrich about him. He knows when it's time to lay down his cards, and you don't find yourself talking against a baffling wall—a wall of pretense. You're not compelled to meet his make-believe with make-believe, and give utterance to an editorial policy at war with your news pages. You can't bluff him by "fine writing"; he's on intimate terms with the truth. He knows the inside, and he won't take the trouble to be insincere. And the beauty of his frankness is that it punctures shams that run up against it. The greatest hypocrite in the world never got any real comfort in posing before Ted Thompson. He couldn't look into that shrewd, good-humored eye of Ted's without seeing himself caricatured there. No—you can be blessedly yourself with a newspaper man and he'll be the same. It isn't always the nicest sort of self? Perhaps not, but it spoils you for most other kinds. It's—it's so human, so straight from the shoulder, so—so my kind; mine and Ted's—God love him, and ——

And just here I caught sight of the big clock above the ferry, and in a jiffy I was aboard a car bound uptown again, and in five minutes I was climbing U. P. stairs.

It brought me back to my senses, the sight of that close, secretive place, everything in it, though locked and barred and put aside for the day, a tribute to the real power of United Power: its power over the town and the State. As I came at last into the Boss' room, all those bolted desks and safes behind me seemed bursting with the secrets they held: the secrets of U. P.'s mastery and of the men that have sold that mastery and themselves to it.

"You will pardon my keeping you waiting, Miss Massey," said the Boss, placing a chair for me. "I have been pestered with newspaper reporters, even as late as this. I sometimes marvel," he went on blandly, turning his sharp, sly, old face full upon me, "what sort of consciences these people must have who trade in the betrayal of confidence and calmly invite one to pour his woes into the ear of the press—a receiver like my telephone with a hundred thousand tongues instead of one discreet Central . . . I speak frankly because I understand from Senator Newberry," he added genially, "that you yourself have left the arena of noisy, sensational journalism and have determined to take your place, he believes, in the rather more quiet and genteel field of the newspaper magazine."

"Senator Newberry is—is quite right," I gasped. He must be, I thought to myself, even if he had inhumanly relegated a live journalist to the Sunday Sup. Cemetery

"I congratulate you upon the change, Miss Massey," the Boss went on, dovetailing his fingers and preaching gravely at me over them. "Only this afternoon, as I was leaving the News Building ——"

(Quickly I sat up and began to take notice.)

". . . I remarked to Newberry," he went on calmly, "how much it was to be regretted that a young woman of your principles and nice ethical discernment should have these virtues blunted by contact with the dishonorable necessities of her profession '

Dumbly I agreed with him. But shades of U. P.! A sermon on the higher life from Boss Bassett!

"So," the voice of the Boss boomed amiably on, "when Newberry telephoned me that you wished to make your first article a descriptive and instructive essay on rare Japanese prints, I departed from my invariable rule, Miss Massey, and agreed to receive you here; to show you my modest little collection (at least two people that I know have better ones—the Mikado and Li Hung Chang) and give you such information as is in my power Won't you take this seat?"

I did. I sank back into the chair he rolled closer to the desk. I didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. A descriptive and instructive essay by Rhoda Massey—Oh, bury me deep in a yellow journalist's grave!

"It—it is very good of you," I gasped.

"Not at all—not at all. I am only too happy to speak of this pet fad of mine to an appreciative listener. A man," he spread his hands largely, "of the world, forced to use the world and force it to be of use—for its own good, of course—to great corporate interests which he serves, is apt to become associated in people's minds with all that is materialistic; he is apt to be judged harshly and by the sternest side of his nature, though, as a matter of fact, he may, like myself, take refuge in that exquisite land of the ideal which the old Japanese masters so beautifully preserved for us . . . Ah!" From a pile of prints before him he lifted the first

I said "Ah!" too—though all I saw was a flat, simpering lady, backed by a soft mountain cone and a lake of blue.

"Hieroshigi's wave!" exclaimed the Boss. "I knew that would touch you. That wonderful tone of blue. Is it not exquisite? And the draperies! Masterly, are they not? Look at Fuji—Fujiama, of course. Such color harmonies, such a peculiarly quiet and refined scale of color. Miss Massey, I told you that the Mikado has a better collection—but I must ask pardon of this glorious Katsou-Kava, or perhaps Yeisai, that delicious colorist. There is nothing finer in the world than these old kakemonos—you agree with me?"

I? I was dazed. I should have agreed with anybody about anything.

"Is it possible," I said to myself, as I sat there listening to him expatiate upon his yellow-red series and his quintette in gray-brown tones, of Hokusai and Kose Kanakoa and the delectable lot of them—"Is it possible, Rhoda Massey, that Fate would play you so grotesque a joke as to keep you here listening to such stuff, and on this evening of all evenings, when the one man in the world is about to swing on an uptown car and ——"

But I couldn't—I couldn't think of Ted. Quickly I turned back to the pile of prints with the crêpe paintings interspersed; it was getting smaller, fortunately, but still the Boss' voice droned enthusiastically on.

Yes, it was genuine enthusiasm; he meant what he was saying. Whatever else it was, it was fun to him. But to me and to Ted . . .

A rap at the door came to deliver me, and Bassett left me to look over his treasures, while he stepped into the next room.

I looked over them. Oh, yes, I lifted one flimsy sheet after the other; and all the time—for I had determined I would wait no longer—I was framing the question I meant to put to him when he should come back.

But I didn't put that question. I didn't, for you see, as I lifted the last little banner of crêpe framed in bands of silver and golden network, with ornaments of ivory depending from its silken fringe, I found Channell's editorial in proof on U. P., and beneath it was the most exquisite color harmony in the world—to me. Only this one wasn't Japanese; it was good, straight-out American. It was typewritten, and the revisions in the margin were in red ink—a duplicate—an almost exact duplicate, but for a change here and there, of that same betraying document, edited by Offield's own hand, which I had had in my possession that very afternoon

(Continued on Page 18)

KIDNAPED BY BETTINA

By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd

Author of The Misdemeanors of Nancy

V

AFTER a time Peyton lost his waiting look and stopped coloring vividly whenever there was a step in the hall or the handle of the door was turned, but he still listened intently when voices sounded through the house or floated up from the terrace, and a wistful look haunted his eyes.

One morning a child's high treble shrilled up from the lawn, and Peyton looked inquiringly at his nurse.

"Tommy came home yesterday," she said in answer. "He has been making his yearly visit to his grandparents. Nice little fellow."

Later in the morning, when Miss Kirby had gone downstairs to see about her patient's luncheon, leaving him alone, the door into the hall opened slowly, and Peyton, turning to greet the comer, saw a chubby boy in a Russian suit of white linen, gazing solemnly at him

"Hello, little man!"

The small boy stared unwinkingly.

"I'm Thomas Franklin Morton, Junior," he announced with impressive gravity.

"Thomas Franklin Morton, Junior, come in. I'm Willoughby Prentiss Peyton, at your service," said the invalid with equal formality, but with smiling eyes.

"May I see your bwoke leg?"

"You may," promised Peyton promptly.

Thomas Franklin Morton, Junior, moved sedately to the bedside, but there was delight in his round, ruddy face.

"They said I couldn't. Aunt Bettina said I mustn't even ask. I said I was sure you'd like to show it to me."

"Well, it's all done up in splints and bandages, you know!"

The youngster was visibly disappointed.

"Can't you see where it's bwoke off?"

"No, I haven't even seen it myself."

Thomas was sympathetic.

"What's the fun of having it, then?" he asked pessimistically.

"No fun at all," Peyton assured him.

"Well, I'd like to see the bandages, anyway."

Peyton displayed them.

"Would it come wight off if they untied the wags?"

"No, but they have to keep the bones pressed against each other so they'll grow together."

Stretched Out in a Reclining Chair, Her Lap Full of June Roses

"Oh, yes! Was your head bwoke, too?"

"Yes"

"Anything else?"

Peyton considered the question deeply.

"Yes, I rather think my heart's broken, too," he said with a laugh that was not quite a success.

"Did the doctor tie it up?"

"No, the doctor can't do anything for it, but it's all right, old man."

"You can call me Tommy, if you'd like. Tell me how you got bwoke."

He sat on the bed with his chubby hands clasped around his fat knees, and Peyton satisfied his thirst for gore by telling him a vivid tale of wreck and disaster based on the facts as they had come to him, but elaborated into a shilling shocker.

Tommy sighed contentedly.

"That's much better than Aunt Bettina's way. She just says: 'Oh, we ran into another train and the car tumbled over, and—oh, it was horrible, Tommy! Let's talk about something else.' Girls are funny, aren't they?"

"They are," agreed his listener.

"Aunt Bettina's nicer than most girls, but she's funny, too. She don't like to see Towser kill wats. He's my terrier, Towser is. Simpson says he's the finest watter for his size he ever saw in a stable. Aunt Betty ewies some, too. Girls always do. She was ewying this morning out in the summer-house. Said she wasn't, but her eyes were all wed and she sniffed and her hankychief was all soggy. She said she wished I'd stay little—'cause big men were howwid and weren't fit to be loved. I told her I wasn't going to be the howwid kind and I didn't want anybody to love me when I was big, anyway. It'd be a silly nuisance, wouldn't it? 'N' then she hugged me and said I didn't know what I was talking about—'n' that she was glad I had brown eyes—'n' then she hugged me again 'n' said she hoped I'd be tall and have bwoad shoulders, but that she hoped I'd never be howwid and insulting to any woman—'n' I told her I'd rather not be hugged any more. She isn't so bad gen'ally, but girls are funny, always wantin' to hug a fellow and kiss him. Aren't they?"

"I haven't noticed that," murmured Peyton. He was looking half puzzled, half radiant. It couldn't be possible

—but if it were—— He put an arm around Thomas Franklin Morton, Junior, and gave him a hearty squeeze.

"Oh, I say," protested that young gentleman in deep disgust. "'Tain't fair for men to bother that way!"

"Tommy!" called a voice on the lawn below the window—a voice that made Peyton's pulses leap.

"Oh, Tommy, come, dear!"

"That's Aunt Bettina," explained her nephew, climbing reluctantly down from the bed. "We're going dwivin'. Wish I could stay here. I'll come again."

"Do," urged Peyton.

When she had said "Come" to him he had not been slow in obeying. If she should say "Come, dear"—— He buried his face in the pillow. Small chance of his ever hearing that call!

"What kept you, dear?" asked Bettina as she drove away with the scrap of boy at her side.

"I was up seeing the bwoke man." Tommy's r's were a trial to him, despite his six years.

"You were?"

"Yes, I liked him."

She made no comment and gave her attention to her horses' ears.

"Yes, he's nice, even if he is sick. Did you know his heart was bwoke, too?"

Bettina looked sharply at the rosy face. It was innocence personified.

"Is it?" she asked with monumental indifference.

"Yes, his leg, 'n' his head, 'n' his heart. He said the doctor couldn't do anything for his heart, but his head 'n' his leg are all tied up. D'you s'pose his heart will get well without doing anything for it? You're all sunburned, Aunt Bettina—just as red as can be."

"Would you like to drive, dear?"

The treat was so unexpected that it struck the boy dumb. Moreover, it created a diversion, during which Bettina's sunburn faded and she skilfully led the conversation to far fields.

"Morton," the invalid said, that evening, as Tom lounged beside his bed, "you said your sister wasn't angry with me?"

Tom studied his watch-fob closely.

"Why, yes."

"Then why doesn't she ever come up to speak to me?"

Tom had not the gift of imagination. He fumbled for an explanation and finally fell back on the truth.

"Well, you see, I guess maybe she is a bit sore about the thing. I didn't like to tell you for fear it would worry you. It doesn't amount to anything, of course, but—you know women. I've tried to make Betty listen to reason, but she's as stubborn as a mule when she gets headed a certain way. Don't let it fret you, old man."

"No," said Peyton. "No, of course not."

There was a hint of satire in his tone, but Tom did not hear it.

Peyton had grown fond of his nurse. He had always been a beauty worshiper; had distinctly resented homeliness in a woman as he resented false notes in music. It had never occurred to him that there was pathos in such homeliness; but, lying there in bed, watching this woman of the angular figure, the swarthy skin, the prominent nose, the colorless light eyes, the thin, straight hair, the keen mind and the heart of gold, he told himself that it was all wrong. The handicap was unfair. He was guiltily ashamed of the pleasure he found in childish, inconsequent Molly's pink and white prettiness, while that big-souled, unbeautiful woman sat and watched the butterfly creature with an uncomprehending wonderment.

This mood found expression in the emphasized courtesy and gentleness of his manner toward the nurse, in flattering deference and appreciation. Once he ventured an outspoken compliment.

"Miss Kirby," he said as she stood smiling down upon him, "that smile of yours is a wonderful heart-warming thing."

A flood of dull red surged up into her dark face and an embarrassment that was painful showed in her eyes and lips—an embarrassment so keen that it was contagious, and Peyton blushed, too, for sympathy.

"By Jove!" he said to himself as she busied herself with medicines on the other side of the room, "I believe it was the first personal compliment the woman ever had. She's used to being taken as an automatic healing machine and nothing else."

The nurse came toward him with a medicine glass in her hand. She was as matter of fact and cool as ever, and he met her mood with one to match it, but he paid her no more compliments save of a professional character.

If he could have seen that smile of hers as she sat watching him while he slept that same afternoon he would have found it a thing more wonderful than ever. The woman's heart was in it, and there were tears in it, too. She leaned forward, brushed a stray lock back from his forehead, touching it gently, lingeringly, lovingly. Then she sat up straight in her chair, with a frown of impatience at some inner thought or feeling.

"I'm a fool!" she said to herself bitterly. "And the girl's another," she added after a moment's thought.

Peyton moved restlessly and opened his eyes.

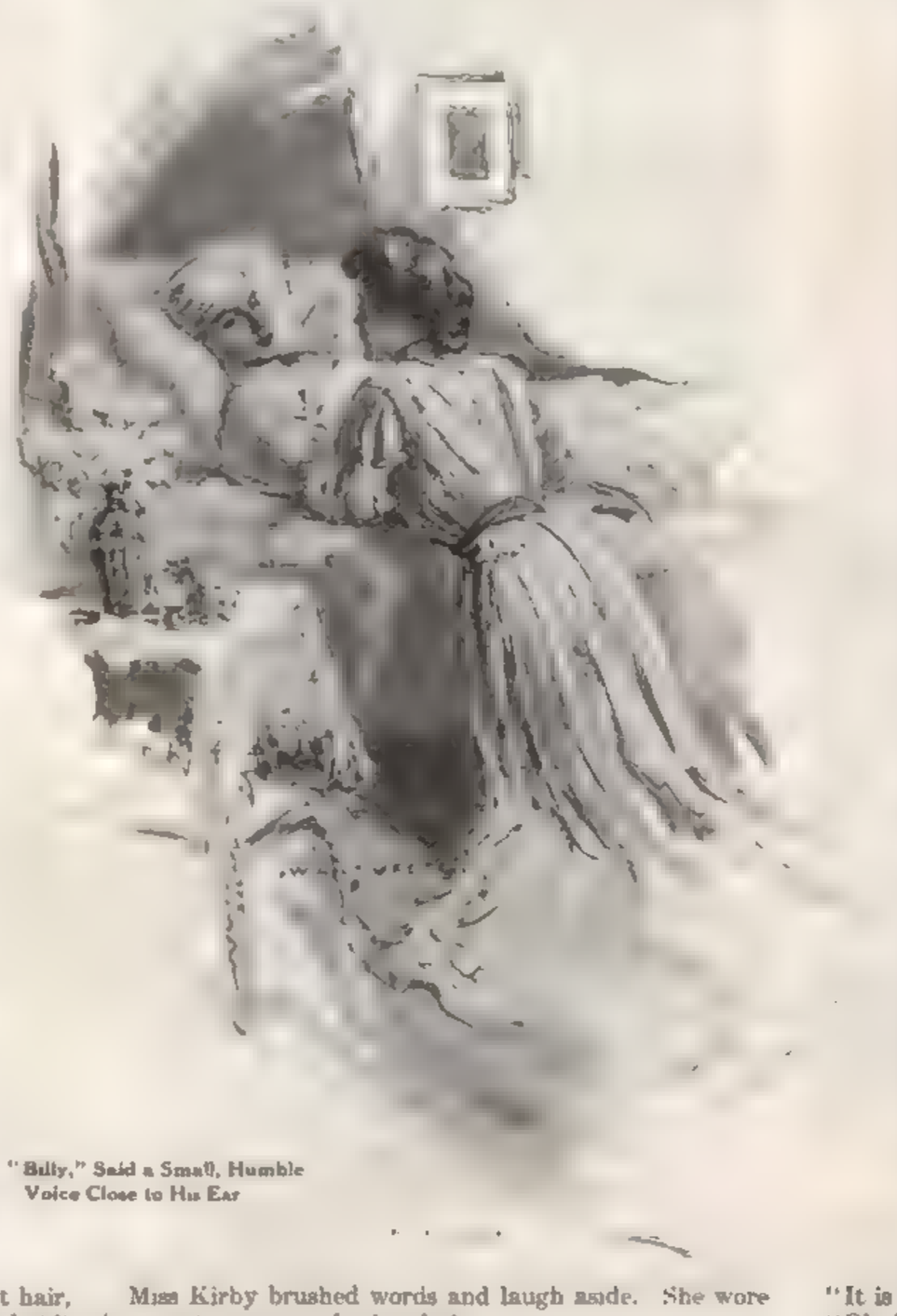
"Do you want anything?" asked the nurse.

"Yes," he answered drowsily, 'twixt sleeping and waking. "Yes, but I can't have what I want."

Long after he was sleeping soundly again the nurse sat there thinking, a doubtful frown between her eyes. At last her lips straightened into a line of definite resolve, and she went silently out of the room.

Down on the veranda she found Bettina Morton, stretched out in a reclining chair, her lap full of June roses.

"I couldn't get any farther," the girl said laughingly. "It's positively narcotic, this June sweetness."



"Billy," Said a Small, Humble Voice Close to His Ear

Miss Kirby brushed words and laugh aside. She wore her most severe professional air.

"Miss Morton," she said in a taking-for-granted tone, "will you go up and sit with my patient for a while? For some reason or other I'm played out this afternoon and I'll have to take an hour or two for rest." The admission hurt her professional pride, but her purpose was fixed and she lied convincingly.

Bettina pulled herself upright, consternation in her face.

"Why, Miss Kirby, I thought you left him alone now when you——"

"I don't like his symptoms to-day. It wouldn't be right to leave him alone."

"Well—Hannah——"

"I can't trust an ordinary servant with a patient in Mr. Peyton's condition. But, of course, if you——"

"Oh, no," stammered Bettina. "If it's necessary, but I thought——"

Miss Kirby smiled apologetically. "No, we'll just let it go. I can stay with him. Probably I'll be all right—I've not taken my usual rest hours during this case and it's beginning to tell. Don't think of the thing again. I'm sorry I bothered you. I didn't realize that there was any personal reason why you——"

Bettina jumped to her feet with a vigorous protest. "Nonsense! I don't like a sick-room and I haven't much confidence in my own common-sense in case of an emergency. That's all. I'll be glad to relieve you."

"You're sure you don't mind?"

"Of course I don't!" Bettina buried her telltale face for a moment in the huge bunch of roses.

"Thank you. It seems a shame to keep you indoors on such an afternoon. I'll go for a long walk and it will put me into better form, I know."

"But suppose anything goes wrong while you're away?" There was alarm in the eyes that peered at the nurse over the pink rose petals.

"No danger of that, if you give the medicines carefully. The directions are on the two bottles beside the bed. I won't be gone long."

She was swallowed by the shadowy hall and Bettina stood motionless for a moment, the serviceable flowers still hiding her eyes and lips. Then she raised her head defiantly and went slowly into the house, taking the roses with her.

To a bed-bound man, listening to the summer sound that floated in through the window and fretting against his helplessness and confinement, came a vision of June, all in cloudlike white with the blue of the sky gleaming here and there among the whiteness. The sunshine was in her hair; the limpid shadows of sun-warmed waters were in her eyes; the balm and blossoming were in her cheeks and lips; her arms were full of fragrant, open-hearted roses. She stood, framed in the white doorway, and the man's eyes enfolded her hungrily, but with a tinge of awe in their glad adoration. She was so beautiful, so radiantly beautiful, this June Lady! There were no fit words of greeting for her.

She smiled uncertainly, and it was as though the whole room had sprung into bloom; but still the man lay mute. A frown followed the smile quickly. Betty had not meant to be friendly, but the thin, white face and the glad eyes were disarming, and she had to remind herself firmly that the sick man had offended her beyond hope of pardon. If he would only say something, instead of staring at her in such absurd fashion! She might disagree with anything he could say, but it was manifestly impossible to snub him with an "I don't agree with you at all" when his eloquence remained unspoken. Then, too, she didn't altogether disagree with him. She had looked in the hall mirror on her way to the sick-room.

The silence hung heavily in the room, and the June Lady cast about desperately for haughty and nonchalant words with which to shatter it.

"How do you do?" she asked at last. The utterance was inadequate, and, as a sense of its inadequacy was borne in upon her, she blushed slowly, rosily.

"I'm much better, thank you," Peyton answered solemnly in the hushed voice appropriate to converse with divinity.

The conversation fell with a thud into the gulf of silence. Bettina grasped futilely at her usual serene self-poise and attempted to fill the conversational gap with stage business. The hungry eyes followed her as she moved across the room, sat down by the window and put a few of her roses into the slender vase that stood on the low, broad sill. When she looked up and met the gaze she once more took refuge in platitudes.

"You've been very ill."

"So they tell me."

"The nurse has gone for a walk. She asked me to sit here while she is away."

"It is too bad to trouble you."

"Oh, it's no trouble! She needs the rest."

With a thrill of relief, Betty realized that the disclaimer was keyed to an airy indifference, but she still lacked inspiration. As she debated her next move, the man, with true masculine disregard for subtle tactics, plunged straight into the heart of things.

"You are angry with me," he said. His tone implied a dire calamity and sank to a gloomier note as he added: "I don't blame you. It was abominable."

"It certainly was," agreed the young woman frigidly.

"But it wasn't all my fault," he urged, and then, seeing resentment in her face, hurried on: "Oh, no, of course, I don't mean that you were at all to blame, but circumstances were against me. I never intended to wallow in guilt. Really, I didn't. Of course, I ought to have stopped the thing right at the start, but I was taken by surprise, and—and—well——" he stammered to a dead halt, but his eyes spoke volumes concerning the temptation that had laid him low.

"Probably the women you have known wouldn't consider such an ungentlemanly proceeding an insult."

The icy voice fairly crisped the rose petals in Bettina's lap. A faint flush crept into the invalid's pale cheeks.

"My mother was a gentlewoman, Miss Morton."

Bettina's own cheeks were aflame now. It was most exasperating to be made to feel waspish and exceedingly small by a creature who had sinned as this one had.

"We'll not talk about the thing, if you please." Her tone was one of lofty finality. "There's no chance that we might agree, and you aren't strong enough to stand

any excitement. Since we are unfortunately obliged to be together, it will be better to ignore the unpleasantness of the situation as completely as possible. Would you like me to read to you?"

"There isn't any reason why you should do penance by staying in a sick-room."

"The nurse thinks differently."

"You can imagine how enjoyable it is for me to be thrown upon your charity as I have been."

"Perhaps you don't care for reading."

"Your brother has kindly tried to make the situation endurable."

"Are you fond of poetry?"

He gave it up. Perhaps it was the dimple in her left cheek—a dimple that hinted at inward relenting; perhaps it was the twinkle in her eyes; perhaps it was the careful impertinence of her tone, an impertinence too elaborate to be taken seriously. Something there was that lightened Peyton's mood, and he laughed helplessly.

"I am a worm in the dust, a pariah, a dog of an outcast! There is no good in me. I have apologized with my forehead in the mire and my heart in tears. There's nothing more I can do—and I'm very fond of poetry, particularly during the months of May and June."

The dimple deepened.

"You show a beautiful spirit of humility and resignation—but it isn't so bad as it seems. I really read poetry very well."

She did—and she read for an hour, while Peyton lay quiet, looking from under half-closed eyelids at the bars of sunlight steaking through the blinds and brightening the hair they touched to burnished gold—at the willful, piquant profile, clear cut against the light—at the soft curves of throat and chin and wrist—at the exquisite daintiness and graciousness of her.

Just what she read in that hour he will never know. There was melody in it, but whether the melody was born of the reader's voice or of the poet's rhythm the listener didn't even attempt to decide. It was enough to lie still and look at her. If she had been repeating the alphabet, he would still have been quite content.

Dark bluebells drenched with summer dews, the cuckoo's cry, dreaming garden trees, full moon and white evening star—all the poet's imagery floated idly through his brain and was absorbed in the one beauty of which he was keenly conscious. Poetry was but handmaid to the June Lady, a gracious accompaniment to her melody.

He came out of his trance with a start as Betty softly closed the book.

"Yet there are folk who say Matthew Arnold was no poet!" she said with high disdain.

"Imbeciles," murmured Peyton.

Miss Kirby, coming into the room, glanced at her patient, transferred the look to Miss Morton, and then lifted bottle and spoon from the table.

"Just time for your medicine again," she announced

Bettina's face took on an expression of abject guilt, and she cast one pleading glance at Peyton. He welcomed it with enthusiasm. What were four forgotten doses of medicine compared with the fellowship that look established? The rack could not have wrung from him an admission that the visiting nurse had altogether neglected to give him his medicine, and that he had been blissfully unconscious of such mundane nothings.

But Miss Kirby, gauging the amount of liquid in the bottle, allowed a ghost of a smile to flit over her face. It passed unobserved. Miss Kirby's smiles, though pleasant things, were not fascinating phenomena made conspicuous by dimples.

"I hope I haven't tired your patient, nurse," said Bettina, gathering up her flowers and her book, and rising.

"Oh, no, indeed!" protested the patient politely.

Miss Kirby looked at him with critical eyes.

"He seems to be all right. I'm greatly obliged to you, Miss Morton. An hour's rest each day will soon straighten me out."

"An hour each day!"

A great joy illumined Peyton's face, but Bettina's expression was profoundly noncommittal.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Peyton"

She moved toward the door, and the sunlight faded with her, but in the doorway she turned and smiled. The room was in shadow, but Peyton's heart sunned itself in the afterglow.

VI

MISS KIRBY was a woman of her word and she would have her bond. One hour of every day she devoted to rest, with a conscientiousness truly admirable, and for one hour every day Bettina Morton sat in the sick-room and tried to be consistently angry with a man so many fathoms deep in love that any passing daw might have made merry with the heart recklessly worn upon a pajama sleeve.

The truce of the sick-room was kept. Peyton made no more pleas or apologies; Bettina ignored the subject of the invalid's transgressions. Only the wall of reserve built up between the two reminded the judge of her office and the sinner of his sin. There were times when it seemed to Peyton that vaulting the wall would be a simple matter, if he but had the hardihood—times when, through the chinks, he caught a glimpse of a delectable land and yearned toward it; but it meant so much to him to be sure of his dear Lady Disdain for at least one hour out of every twenty-four! She might stay away altogether if he should disturb the armed neutrality. A fellow might risk putting his lady-love to flight when he could follow, but, with one leg in splints and the other leg too groggy for service, a waiting policy was not only wise but imperative.

Peyton rebelled hotly against his physical helplessness, yet, in his moments of wisdom, knew that in it lay his vantage-ground. Even an angry goddess cannot well annihilate a mortal at whom a freight train has had the first chance; even the most unreasonable of women must show some consideration for a man whose temperature is liable to sudden upward flights toward the danger line, and then—though this Peyton, being mere man, could not be expected to understand—the mother that lies deep in the soul of every woman yearns pityingly over helplessness, be it in man or child.

At first Thomas Franklin Morton, Junior, showed a strong inclination toward sharing his aunt's sick-room vigil during that daily afternoon hour. Molly, too, decided that it would be a kindness to her sister-in-law to lighten her unwelcome task by helping her to entertain the invalid; but Miss Kirby, still an autocrat from whose verdict there was no appeal, promptly decreed that all visits must be paid during the morning hours.

"But there's Bettina," protested Mrs. Morton.

The Sunshine was in Her Hair; the Limpid Shadows of Sun-Warmed Waters were in Her Eyes

"Miss Morton is filling my place in my absence," said the nurse gravely; and Miss Morton, unattended by members of her fond family, continued to fill the place, after a fashion, without in the least appreciating the fact that she was being administered to the invalid upon the same principle as were his medicine and his gruel, only with less frequency and greater effectiveness.

The days slipped by and June, creeping in through open windows, worked her spells round a man and a maid. But the maid did not confess even to herself that her anger had evaporated and the man did not dare hope that the dreams he dreamed might come true. So the impossible situation remained possible, and Miss Kirby, whose rôle of *deus ex machina* fitted her but indifferently well, and whose preference was always for prompt and drastic measures, grew impatient with the foolish young things toward whom she had played special providence.

June, too, grew weary of the dallying. She was used to quicker results when she played a part in love affairs, and she resented the leisurely progress of this room romance.

"If I had those two children out in the open, I'd make short work of their pretenses and misunderstandings," she said impatiently—and, by way of showing her disapproval, she sent along a most spectacular thunderstorm in the midst of a reading from Browning conducted by a young woman who didn't know what she was reading for the edification of a young man who didn't care what she was reading. Bettina was afraid of thunder and lightning—childishly, pitifully afraid—and the first crash drove her from her seat by the window to the middle of the room. A vivid flash of lightning found her standing there, and, with a little scream, she retreated still farther. The next flash, bursting into the room like a living thing, was too much for her pride and, dropping on her knees beside the bed, she cowered there, her face hidden in the pillow, her fingers in her ears.

Peyton lay quite still, afraid to move lest she should go. Her nearness set his pulses throbbing, her fear of the storm robbed him of his fear of her, restored the balance of the sexes. She was such a child, such a little tender thing, to be loved, comforted, protected! Slowly, gently his hand went out to find hers. If she was conscious of his boldness she made no sign.

"Bettina," he whispered softly.

A deafening peal of thunder drowned the whisper. Had she heard?

"I-i-isn't it awful?"

The voice smothered in the pillow sounded very small and tremulous.

Awful? Peyton was finding it heavenly! At the next thunder crash his arm slipped around her and held her close. She made no effort to escape. If it had not seemed too good to be true, Peyton would have believed she snuggled closer like a frightened child. She was trembling, and a little sob reached his ears.

"Bettina," he whispered once more, "Bettina, darling, don't be afraid! The storm won't hurt you, little girl. It's almost over."

The thunder rumbled away in the distance, the lightning grew weak and wavering, and Bettina, taking her face out of the pillow, found it close to another face full of passionate entreaty.

She drew back quickly, grown up once more, now that the fear was past, but there were tears in her eyes and a quiver in her voice.

"I'm so d-d-dreadfully af-fraid of thunder!" she stammered, springing to her feet.

"Bettina," the man said insistently, "Bettina, have you forgiven me?"

"I'll never forgive you!" flashed a very erect and haughty young woman. "You had no right to do it. You knew I was only frightened!"

The original crime had been blotted from the calendar by a later offense; and now, as before, the unreasonable young woman refused to admit extenuating circumstances or undue provocation as argument in the defendant's favor.

"But, Bettina——"

"Only my intimate friends call me that. It's time for your medicine, Mr. Peyton!"

Her face was hot, her hand trembling, as she poured out a tablespoonful of the liquid, but she was impressively stern. He took the dose obediently, but returned stubbornly to the charge.

"Don't you care at all, little girl? You know how I love you. You must have seen it. You're the heart of me, dear. I knew the moment my eyes saw you that you were the only woman in the world for me. Why, that's why I couldn't say 'No' when you told me to go with you——"

He had made a dire mistake. For the moment Bettina had forgotten her early grievance. Now she remembered it.

"If I were you I would say nothing about that episode," she said curtly. "You would probably have done the same thing with any pretty girl. Miss Kirby ought to be here by this time. I have an engagement for four."

He made no response, and, turning toward him, she saw that his face was drawn and livid, his eyes closed.

"What is it?" she asked, dropping her haughtiness incontinently. "What is it? Are you worse?"

Peyton spoke with an effort. Great drops of sweat were standing on his forehead, his lips were blue.

"Can you find Miss Kirby?" he asked between set teeth. "I'm suffering infernally."

Bettina stood for an instant hesitating; then ran toward the door. She was helpless, but Miss Kirby would know what to do.

The nurse, strolling across the lawn, saw the girl coming, and one look at the white, scared face sent her running toward the sick-room even before a word was said.

"What is it?" she asked briefly of the girl beside her.

"I don't know. It came suddenly. He's suffering so horribly."

They entered the room together and the nurse went swiftly to the bedside, felt Peyton's pulse, asked him a few low questions, then turned to the little table upon which the medicine stood.

"You were very careful with the medicine, Miss Morton?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Kirby," said big-eyed, white-faced Bettina.

"You know the doctor warned us to give no more than the ten drops, when he changed it yesterday. You didn't give more?"

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THE JOYS OF VULGARITY

An Inquiry into the Check-Rein on Comfort

By LILIAN BELL

MOST things which are natural to primitive and sensative man are nowadays counted supremely vulgar. The hallmark of underbreeding is stamped on the stout man who tucks his napkin in his collar to protect Nature's bulge under his shirt-front, and just as he has learned to spread it in his lap, along comes a self-constituted Beau Brummel and proclaims that it is to be spread across the left knee only. Why? Will fashion protect the right knee from spots of melted butter or exuberant drops of rich brown gravy? Will not the whole pair of trousers be under the necessity of going to the cleaners if a stain appears on the right leg? Thus the innocent and protected left leg must needs suffer with the guilty, and all, forsooth, because the joy of vulgarity and the privilege of putting the napkin where it belongs are denied to the polite!

Refinement brings its own punishment. Children are born barbarians, and a boy left to himself grasps his spoon in his fist, uses knife and fork indiscriminately, sucks up his soup with a noise which sends shudders down the backbone of the cultured, chews the responsive celery as he would munch the silent bread—both with his lips apart—and converses pleasantly with his mouth full. Why do all our choicest witticisms at dinner generally come to us when we have just provisioned our mouths to withstand a siege? Many an immortal quip has doubtless been lost to an appreciative world because of the unnatural dictum that we shall not chat through our food

Education in manners generally consists in going squarely against nature. Whatever is instinctive is sure to be wrong. A boy could get through life quite creditably who was told in his cradle: "Whenever you feel like doing a thing in a natural way, do it in an opposite and abnormal manner and you will be sure to be right."

Why is it vulgar to lean your elbows on the table when it is so comfortable? And how can you get any pleasure out of an ear of corn else? Time was, and not so long ago either, when it was permissible to take a whole ear of corn in both hands and go at it. But just because that was the only natural way to eat it, just because it was the only primitive table-manner left to an artificial world, we woke up one morning to discover it vulgar. Now your corn is served broken in half—the horrid idea that the cook has grasped it firmly in her two hands in order to break it will not down and to-day you are supposed to coquette with these half-rations, so that all pleasure is gone from eating green corn in public

Take, too, the cream-puff—not the wretched creation we now have, consisting of a mass of leathery dough in the middle, but the luscious companion of our childhood: a hollow cake filled with a thick, sweet custard, which meandered down your countenance with the closing of the teeth in your first bite. Can any civilized substitute, eaten from a polite plate with a well-bred fork, equal the delight of being alone in a desert with a cream-puff?

The Trouble with Squash Pie

THERE is a story, old but satisfactory, of the Bowery girl who asked the Bowery boy what sort of pie he liked best. Out of the unctuous fullness of his heart, "Squash," he said. Then spoke the arbiter of fashion, the inevitable, refining, curtailing effect of the eternal feminine curbing all his primitive joy with the words, "Oh, *I* don't. It musses up your ears so!"

The fashions which come with the changing years make eternal vigilance a necessity, and as what was permissible in table-manners a decade ago is counted hopelessly vulgar now, the education of unprogressive parents devolves upon the modern children, who, I may state in passing, seem to the observer to be competent to train parents along any line. But sometimes the old people are stubborn and refuse to be trained. Then is a time for filial discipline. I know one set of parents in a large Western city whose idolized daughter punishes them by not appearing at dinner until after the soup has been removed, because her father and mother take a noisy joy in absorbing it which offends daughter's trained ears. That is an unhappy family incident, however, and is replete with unnecessary pain, because, aside from the grief the stern young woman inflicts upon her unregenerate parents, doubtless daughter would be much happier if she joined them in their primitive habits

Soup is a trial at present to all except those who were caught young.

No one will have the mendacity to deny that a society is false to its core which forbids one to absorb a glorious and life-giving gravy on minute morsels of bread and convey the

same delicately to the mouth. And I defy any man, no matter how trained, to see the beefsteak platter before him without a longing to return to boyhood days. Why relegate the chief joy of a luscious steak to the cook?

There are those rough diamonds who claim that they cannot get at the true inwardness of bread and butter unless they spread a whole thick slice of bread with butter and eat it at their leisure through the meal. Buttering each mouthful as it is needed does not go with them. But why do I refer to "a good, thick slice of bread and butter"? That does not exist nowadays. You get a layer of bread as thin as a face-veil, which will not bear the weight of the butter, but crumbles and drops down your cuff in the meanest manner, because that is the way polite bread should be cut.

I wonder what the immortal German Charlotte—chiefly known to fame as a lady who, despite the usual vicissitudes of life, continued to cut bread and butter—would say could she see the lace effects we get in bread in America?

I actually believe there are unhappy boys to-day, the children of the fashionable, possibly also of the rich, who have never seen a genuine slice of bread and butter.

But it remains for the French to present the contrast of the greatest extremes in table etiquette. Think of it! That nation which sets fashions in both food and clothes for the entire civilized world, which by setting the seal of its approval on a dish can make it the rage on two continents, permits the unspeakable but joyous vulgarity, at the close of a meal, of both the rince-bouche and the toothpick! The rince-bouche is a two-part finger bowl, the inner one being filled with water, with which, without regard to your neighbors' sensibilities, you rinse your mouth, permitting the water thus used to fall into the larger bowl Then—the crowning atrocity of the toothpick, used frankly, not blushingly behind a serviette, but with bold effrontery. Evidently the French think that to get comfortable after a heavy meal is the only right and proper thing. How crude this form of thought! But the French are happy in their vulgarity—a vulgarity natural and primitive, but so disgusting to better trained nations that we spurn their customs beneath our heel

The French View of Gum-Chewing

YET the French consider our national vulgarity of gum-chewing an atrocity of which their skirts, though stained by the memories of the Commune and St. Bartholomew's Day, are fortunately guiltless. Nay, I believe a cultured Parisian of to-day would infinitely rather have had a grandfather who signed the death-warrant of an innocent man than see his own daughter chew gum in the Champs Elysées.

Yet in a theatre of excellent reputation in America gum is sold between the acts, and a review of the house showed me hundreds of jaws wagging in a unison no ballet-master could ever get from the legs of his ballet.

People who chew assure me that they obtain a fearful joy from it.

The habit of dipping or chewing snuff and pipe-smoking is largely confined to the South, but there it forms just one-half the joy which life holds out to a certain class of women. Church-going is the other. And this leads me, not by easy stages, but by a jump, to a story told me not long ago by a certain prominent Southern author.

He neither smokes nor chews, but he comes of a family where these various aforementioned practices had abounded in his childhood.

After he came into prominence he was invited to dine with an equally prominent and emancipated woman-author, who, after dinner, offered him cigarettes.

He could see from the arrangement of the tray that she intended to smoke, and how to refuse, yet permit her to indulge without feeling the rebuke of his refusal, was a problem which at first staggered him. But he finally took refuge in the following brilliant expedient:

"No, thank you, I don't smoke. But don't let that deter you. I am accustomed to seeing ladies smoke. My grandmother always smoked. She smoked a pipe!"

Refinement likewise brings its own punishment to the elderly or ease-loving in the matter of dress. Old gentlemen, who remember the stocks of their elders, do not take kindly to the starched atrocities of the modern high collar. Yet it is the high collar to-day, or rank with the freaks. Does any man try to emancipate himself by adopting a very low collar? Listen to what people say of him. Has any man the courage to revert to the soft, open collar which Byron wore? What cage would they put him in? Has a man with a sensitive skin the courage to put a number sixteen collar on a number fifteen neck? He wouldn't like to tell you what his wife said when he put the first one on and presented himself, freshly shaved, but quite comfortable, to go to church with her to worship God. By the time they arrived at the sacred edifice he had cut out all thought of worship, and was searching the inmost recesses of his mind for fresh phrases in which to arraign his stupidity for even dreaming that his wife would allow him to be comfortable at the expense of conventionality.

As he steps along the hot pavement in patent leather shoes which draw closer at every step; his warm hands girt by gloves; his ears rubbed into a crimson glow by the height of his collar, his whole spirit in revolt, he looks back with bitter longing to the days of his boyhood on the farm, where cuffs and collars were unknown; where a single "gallus" supported his "pants"; where a companionable shirt with easy buttons could be donned at a moment's notice; where shoes and stockings vexed not his peaceful soul, and where "chores" were his only dread

Alas, all the joys of that early, vulgar life are gone forever, and he has nothing left to look forward to but a future spent in harness! He cannot have even the privilege of the horse owned by a good man—of being turned out to pasture in his old age. The last state of that man is worse than the first.

The Joys Denied to the Polite

HAVE you ever diverted yourself during a journey by picturing what sort of men and women your fellow-travelers really were? I mean, what were their primitive habits; what their ideals of happiness; what their ambitions—aims—desires?

I have seen men turned out by the best English tailors, of whom I knew that the chief aim of their days was to get up to their rooms in the hotel and get their coats off. Some men feel at ease only in their shirt-sleeves. Not that they are too warm, either. But in their own boyhood's home coats were a superfluity, and, in spite of their wealth and success, the "feel of a coat," except in church, is irksome.

Not for them the thin alpaca or the jaunty negligee. Shirt sleeves, pure and simple! Ah!

The fashions of modern clothes for women are certainly an abomination. Tightness at throat and waist, just where Nature needs the most room—could anything be more joyless? Oh, for the long breaths of Peggotty which would send hooks and buttons and stay-laces flying!

Babies scream when you put tight things on them, and in almost any Sunday newspaper you will find instructions to young mothers, telling them how to keep their babies warm in loose, comfortable clothing. But education soon teaches us that the joy of screaming for what we want, or of making known our body's discomfort by piercing yells, is vulgar.

The gamins and alley children revel in joys which are denied to the polite.

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Outgrowing a Social Problem

OF AN article on one phase of present-day America, recently published in this periodical, a correspondent writes in approval, but denies that the problem there involved is "vague," as the author of the article said. Vague it is not, says the critic, and he goes on to urge that a certain famous economic writer has completely solved the problem.

Maybe so. Maybe all other problems have been solved by the social philosophers—certainly every one of the great minds of that company is convincing enough as one reads. But, in spite of all these complete solutions, our social problems remain "vague." The question in human problems is, unhappily, not how to get a good theoretical solution—that is easy; every crossroads thinker has a good enough one. The question is how to get human beings to stagger up out of the muddle. And just there the philosophers are stumped.

Everything must wait upon time. Given time, and the problem will be not indeed solved, but slowly, imperceptibly outgrown.

When Women Go to War

NOW comes Hans Eschelbach, writing in the North and South Review of Breslau that women ought to be forced into military service just as the men are. He points out that the women are more and more engaged, on equal terms with the men, in the far more arduous labors of the routine of peaceful toil, that the hand-to-hand encounter is no longer important in modern scientific warfare, and that it is the absence of the wives and sisters and mothers from the military camps that makes them so utterly demoralizing morally.

Herr Eschelbach is, to say the least of it, premature. But his suggestion is highly interesting and most suggestive. If, for instance, the women did go forth to war, instead of sending the men, would they continue to be the great propagandists of the war spirit that they now are? It is undoubtedly sad to sit at home, waiting for news from the battlefield; but is it quite so sad as being on the battlefield and getting all shot up and torn up, and having a band of vultures sitting near by waiting for you to lose the power of menacing motion?

The Investigating Habit

"IT IS believed," writes an able correspondent, "that the President will soon inaugurate a systematic, searching and comprehensive investigation of governmental machinery from top to bottom."

Probably this belief is well founded, for the President is in touch with modern thought, and there is nothing upon which modern thought is more unanimous than upon the benefit of such an investigation. In the near future every properly organized governmental office, from county supervisors to the White House, will have an investigating commission as a permanent bureau, with another bureau to investigate the investigators. This applies not only to government, but to all extensive businesses. Railroad offices, banks and factories nowadays submit themselves to investigations with the regularity and hopeful docility of a hypochondriac. It has been discovered that the only way to do business successfully is to have your system probed and criticised semi-annually. Enterprises not large enough to bear the expense of a full-fledged commission may secure the services of an expert investigator, and this is opening up a new and highly promising professional field.

Still there must be some millions of men engaged in more or less gainful occupations who cannot afford even the professional expert. To them sympathy and help are due. If they are in touch with modern ideas they must be racked by the dreadful suspicion that there's something wrong with their systems. They might cooperate and investigate one another, appointing a joint commission of their own number to investigate the investigations. Or, by a sufficiently herculean effort, they might learn to investigate themselves—in the primitive and antiquated way that is still open to the noble army of departmental heads at Washington and to all other business chiefs, if they should by any strange chance elect to return to it.

Those Railroad Casualties

WE ARE quite sure that it has already been mentioned to the railroads of the United States that, last year, they killed one passenger out of every 1,622,267 carried against one passenger out of every 199,758,000 in the United Kingdom; that they maimed one out of every 78,523 against one out of every 2,244,472 on the English roads; that the total number of persons killed and injured in their operations exceeded 94,000. This has certainly been spoken of somewhere or other before; and to repeat what must be so very disagreeable to railroad ears would be inexcusably rude—if it were not that the whole railroad problem is involved in it. Whenever that problem is brought up, the roads themselves point out how many tons they move, how cheaply they do it, and how fast their best trains run—apparently in the astonishingly fatuous belief that those universally admitted facts have some kind of bearing upon what is now in the public mind. The public is now interested in the mortality-list—especially in the wholesale killing and crippling through discriminatory freight rates that are made in the same cheerful spirit of disregard of public weal and the same stubborn antagonism to law that were mostly responsible for the nearly 10,000 deaths and injuries on the rails last year.

Men and Brothers

THERE was a psalmist who once said in his haste that all men were liars. And there have been a good many people since who have said, not at all in haste but deliberately, that all Americans or English or Japanese or Indians or what-nots were so and so, usually something most disagreeable. There was some excuse for this kind of sweeping generalization before the days of travel and telegraph and photograph; but what excuse is there now?

Upon the actual, not the recognition of the obvious truth that the one universal quality in mankind is human nature—that all other qualities, or, rather, qualifications, are in no way related to geographical or racial lines—depends the future glory of the world, the prevalence of Jesus Christ's great declaration of the brotherhood of man. Hence, all men, and especially the men of America, should fight constantly against the ancient, deep-seated, ignorant prejudice which lies back of national or racial generalization.

Judge every man as an individual. Give him the same right you claim for yourself.

The Perfection of the Law

THE Chicago Board of Trade recently, by a vote of 303 to 254, abolished the penalty of expulsion for trading in "puts" and "calls," thereby officially encouraging such transactions. An Illinois statute, which has been upheld by the courts of last resort, classes trades in "puts" and "calls" as gambling, and expressly prohibits them. For years the Board of Trade, with uplifted hands and tear-stained cheeks, has been invoking the law to suppress bucket-shops under the statute—next the one about "puts" and "calls," which classes them as gambling concerns and prohibits them. Trading in "puts" and "calls" brings business to the Board. Bucket-shops take business away from it.

One has known a railroad president to pause between the authorizing of two illegal freight rebates and grow purple in the face over the awful manner in which labor unions violate the sanctity of the law. The citizen who lifted up his voice against the laxity of the police in the matter of suppressing crap-games was speechless with indignation when the roundsman respectfully informed him that he was "pinched" for having persistently, but unlawfully, thrown garbage in the alley. The matchless "Sunday edition" which fulminates powerfully against various violations of the postal-laws, itself contains a supplement which obviously infracts those same laws.

It is needless to multiply instances. Every one admits and laments that with us the law is a lame duck, indifferently made and faultily executed. Every one thinks this should be changed—by repealing those laws which affect him injuriously and enforcing those which affect him beneficially. The whole trouble is that the law is two-edged. This is all wrong. It should be made blunt on the side toward us and given a razor finish on the side toward the other fellow.

The Art of Eating

IT IS said by those who have informed themselves upon the subject that, if all Englishmen ate as intelligently and temperately as they should eat, were they as anxious to look and feel and be well as they are to look and feel and be stuffed to repletion after a meal, England would be able to raise more than enough food for its population. This means that on the average an Englishman eats two times more than is necessary or even proper. And the English are not much bigger eaters than are we.

Chewing is one secret of health, and also the seat of enjoyment of food. Why swallow food before one has begun to taste it? The performance is foolish from the standpoint of pleasure alone; from the standpoint of health it is ruinous. The "grown-ups" may be, most of them, past saving; but there are always the children—and, in teaching the children to eat properly, their teachers might learn.

Vivisecting the Golden Calf

PUBLICITY has ruined one of the finest trades in the world. It used to be a great thing to become an exceedingly rich man. There was a period, even, when many earnest publicists were exercised lest the young American should forsake his birthright's ambition to be President for the sake of becoming the richest man on earth. But that danger, if ever there was such a danger, is quite passed. Who, now, would take the place of the richest man of the time?

Great wealth does not even bring distinction. On the contrary, it is hopelessly commonplace. The first Astor's million-dollar fortune dazzled. Rockefeller accumulated a thousand millions and thereby made the Midas calling merely ridiculous. The early plutocrats were invested with mystery. They infused the imagination with suggestions of a splendid and magical ability. Modern inquisitiveness has forever dispelled the magic. Now we see very plainly a poor, melancholy old man with all the shabby paraphernalia of his art pitilessly exposed. A reporter stands at his elbow and says: "You will observe that the rabbit which he is about to produce from the hat is concealed in the skirts of his long coat. I will presently tell you where and how he got both the coat and the rabbit. I call your attention to the fact that this goblet, which he used in turning water into wine, has a false bottom."

How can the conjurer retain the respect of the audience under such conditions? Possibly there are a few near-sighted persons on the lower end of Manhattan Island and in other spots who will continue to worship the calf after the gilding has been scrubbed off and the cast-iron ribs disclosed; but there was never less danger of the cult becoming popular.

Panic-Stricken Bandits

A FEW years ago a certain college president was good-naturedly laughed at for proposing "social ostracism" as the remedy for monopolistic robbery. It was apparent that the only public opinion the majority of the biggest bandits cared for was the opinion of fashionable society—that is, of each other. But recent developments have shown that there is an ostracism which would cut to the quick.

When the robber baron comes with his big contribution to get himself crowned philanthropist, it makes his flesh quiver and his skin turn crimson to be received as a rascal making partial restitution. No laudatory resolutions, no eulogistic speeches; just solemn silence or a few words explaining the exact nature of the transaction. Nor does this discourage the bandits from giving, or, rather, restoring indirectly. On the contrary, it frightens them into giving more. With such people fear is stronger than even vanity.

The Heathen in His Blindness

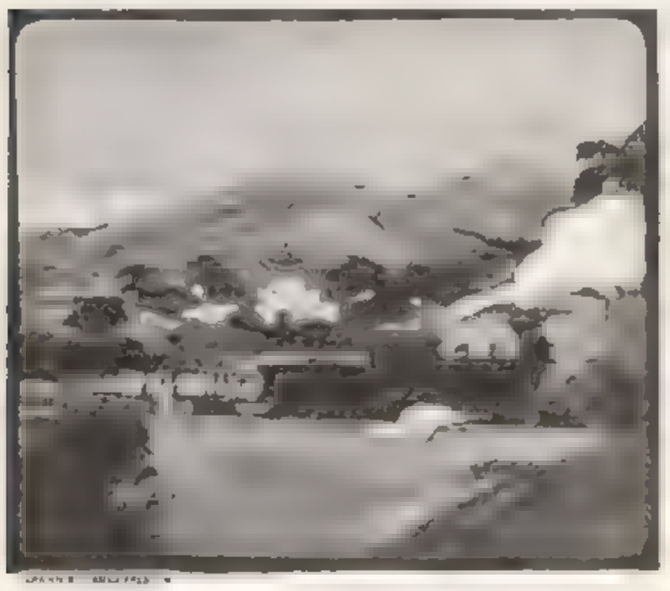
IT IS amazing news, these dispatches informing us that the Japanese gathered in mobs at Tokyo and attacked the office of a newspaper that supports the Government.

Are we to look next for the institution of political graft in Japan? Is Nippon to be overrun by patent medicines and adulterated foods? Will the introduction of that Western convenience, divorce, add complexity to the custom of ancestral worship? Are beef-trusts, coal-trusts, insurance scandals and bridge-whist likely to be the burning topics of discussion at afternoon teas in Nagasaki?

It begins to look as if the Mikado's subjects have acquired Western civilization.

An American Salesman Abroad

How Dawson Stuck to His Job—By HENRY HARRISON LEWIS



THERE is a disease called nostalgia by medical men and plain, every-day homesickness by ordinary people like ourselves. That is about the only disease that ever troubles the man on the road in foreign countries, but when it once grips a chap there's nothing to equal it short of yellow fever. The only sure cure is a steamer ticket with the time limit expiring to-morrow, but, when this is impossible, the next best thing is a letter of condolence from home and another letter praising your work from the "old man."

I recall the case of a salesman whose business was selling sewing-machines. His house, finding trade a little dull and the works in danger of overproducing, sent him on a cruise along the east coast of South America. He began at Para, and in the course of time found himself in a God-forsaken port called Santos, Brazil. The salesman, whose name for the purpose of this story will be Wright, had become rather tired of his job. It was his first trip, and the novelty had lasted as far as Rio, but, after leaving that really interesting city, he began to think of little old New York, and of the wife and children up in Harlem

Wright's particular task was that of establishing agencies. He did not peddle his machines from door to door, but endeavored to persuade local dealers to handle them. He had had fairly good luck. The American brand of sewing-machine is well liked abroad, and is an article that anybody can use from Cape Wrangel to the Black Hole of Calcutta. Wright's particular sample was shiny and ornamental to the last degree, and he did not have to talk very much with his fingers and an interpreter to place it. Yet he was not happy, and the homesickness that had started in Bahia reached its crisis in Santos.

He had been three days in town, looking about in a listless manner before making his formal calls upon the few merchants who would be apt to handle his goods. He had exhausted the sights and was sick and tired of the humid, hot nights, of the blazing, furnace-like days; of the dirty, ill-paved streets and the dirtier, smelling wharves, not to mention the miasmatic odors heavy with the effluvia of dying vegetation that came sweeping across the river from the heights on the other side. The droning of tropical insects and the discordant notes of an unfamiliar tongue got on his nerves, and when he chanced to see the American flag at the stern of a steamer coming up the river from the sea, he began to make perilous resolutions

"When is the next boat to God's country?" he asked the clerk of the little hotel after dinner that evening

The man, who was a Portuguese equipped with a speaking acquaintance with the six principal languages, told him politely that steamers sailed for all parts of the world almost every day. Would he like to mail a letter to the United States?

"I am tired of mailing letters," replied Wright roughly. "I want to get out of this hole—that's what!"

The clerk knew why the American was in Santos, as he knew everything about every guest at the hostelry. He had told the proprietor that day that the sewing-machine man was good for at least a week And now the American was asking about sailing dates home! It was curious

"You finish business queek," he ventured. "I think you sell the plenty machines in Santos. Why——"

Wright cursed him and strode from the room. Shortly before midnight, as the porter was about to lock the front door, the American brushed past him and disappeared into the dank mists rolling in from the river. What happened after that was told me by our consular representative over a pipe at the club one night several years later

"I knew the chap was in town," he said. "In fact, he called to pay his respects the day of his arrival. I remember that he asked me to give him several letters of introduction to the merchants, and as his credentials were all right I obliged him. The night in question I worked rather late over some department reports, and I think it must have been after midnight when a German, who keeps a bar and pool-room on that little plaza you saw near the second landing, burst into the room. He was considerably excited, and puffed away at a great rate—which is bad down here, you know

"'Herr consul,' he stammered, 'der's a man—I think he is ein Jankee—going off his nut down py mein blace. He come in yust now und asked me vich vas der steamer bound for Nieu York as he had to svim aboard right avay. I told him he mustn't svim in der water here or he get der yellow fever kervick. He laughs so funny und said he knew me ven I kept a blace on Broadway. Vould I dake three drinks mit him for old times' sake? I don't know Broadvay und I don't vant three drinks, but I takes von to humor him. He drinks seltzer himself. Den I tells mein man to vatch him vile I call you.'

"While he was rattling away in his queer broken English I had put on my helmet and a light waterproof coat I always wear late at night, and we were out of the house and down the street by the time he had finished. I knew by the German's description that it was the sewing-machine salesman, and I feared that the man was in a bad way

The symptoms indicated a very serious condition of affairs. When a foreigner who is unacclimated begins to potter about and talk irrationally, it spells only one thing—Yellow Jack

"The distance to the German's place was not more than five blocks, and we soon reached the little plaza fronting it. As we emerged from the side street I saw a man, hatless and in his shirt-sleeves, dart across the plaza and vanish in the direction of the river, which was not more than two hundred yards away—in fact, only one short street

"'Der he goes now!' cried the German. 'Kervick! He vants to svim!'

"You know that I never like to run, and especially in a climate like this, but I realized that it would be all up with the chap if he once got into the water; so the German and I footed it across the plaza in a manner most undignified for a consular representative of the United States of America. The German's man joined us as we dashed down the middle of the narrow street. He explained that the crazy American had suddenly slipped from his hands while he was trying to hold him, and, throwing off his coat and hat, had wildly announced that he had to catch the steamer for New York.

"When we reached the waterside, where it was rather dark, several seconds passed before we espied the fugitive. I finally caught sight of him picking his way across an abandoned and broken-down wharf My heart was in my throat, for I saw that in another step or two he would be in the river. On the impulse of the moment I called out lustily: 'I say, Wright, hold on there—I've something for you!'

"He wavered as if irresolute, and that gave me time to make up an excuse. 'You haven't your ticket, man!' I added. 'They won't let you go aboard without your ticket, you know. Come back here and I'll give it to you.'

"It was an almighty lucky inspiration for Wright He promptly turned and marched back to where we stood. The second he came within reaching distance we grabbed him, but the action was not needed. He collapsed into the German's arms, completely dead beat. We hurried him to my house and called a doctor

The Only Sure Cure is a Steamer Ticket

"Now comes the strangest part of the story. The physician watched him carefully all that night, and the following day declared that he could not find the slightest symptom of fever. Wright recovered his senses within ten hours—in fact, after he had a sleep—and I am blessed if he remembered a thing from the time he had spoken to the hotel clerk. I persuaded him to get out of Santos at once, and packed him off to Montevideo, where there are some white men and a decent climate. He made out well there and continued on around to the Pacific Coast. I have seen homesick traveling men, but Wright's case was the worst I have ever struck. I was going to say that it's queer to see a big, grown-up man like that pine for his home and fireside, but I guess it is natural enough, after all."

The man on the road in the United States and those who send him out have very little conception of the important part played by emotions in the work of a traveling salesman abroad. I can imagine a nice, jolly, well-groomed drummer of the genus Yankee suddenly transported with his little sample-case from the vicinity of the Palmer House in Chicago to the Calle Constitucion, Bogota, say, around the noon hour. In Chicago he would have "just eighteen minutes to see Bloch, Einstein & Myers before catching the eleven fifty-seven train for Joliet," but in Bogota he would look about him at a deserted plaza, deserted streets, a starved mongrel howling dismally from some gutter, and a few buzzards flapping lazily overhead. He would find the majority of the shop doors barred and locked, and those that were open tenanted only by a drowsy clerk who announced that the "padrone" was then in the blissful enjoyment of his siesta. At four in the afternoon he would be able to see the proprietor long enough to pass the time of day and ascertain that perhaps he could talk business the following Thursday. And it would be dollars to doughnuts that the following Thursday would prove to be a *fiesta* day, when neither the proprietor nor any of his assistants would work "from the fear of God."

Several years ago two Americans, traveling men, both hustlers, decided to try their luck abroad. Each had a pretty thorough knowledge of selling goods, and one, whose name was Dawson, had made a trip to Mexico. He was able to say 'howdy' in Spanish, and knew a tram-car from a burro, but that was about all. After mature deliberation, they decided to invest their few thousand dollars in a line of samples extending from typewriters to wire fencing, and to open a "Grand Exposition of American Merchandise and Novelties" at Rosario, Argentina. After they had bought their passage tickets and had paid freight on their goods they did not have much capital left. As they glanced over the invoices, however, and saw what a rattling line of goods reposed peacefully in the steamer's hold, they found plenty of material with which to build the usual air-castles.

The new concern, members of the great army of "American Invaders," leased a good-sized storeroom with a double patio midway between the railway station and the river, and opened up with a bang. Johnson—he was the other man—suggested that they have a street parade with peons carrying samples behind a brass band, but Dawson said that it was not customary.

"We'll fit up the shop, and put a big sign over the door—then wait," he said confidently. "When the *hombres* round here know that we have the best outfit of goods in town, they'll give us enough to do."

They waited a week, and, with the exception of a few callers who came out of curiosity, their shop was empty. It was the same the second week, and the third. Then Dawson advised advertising in the local papers. One hundred and fifty dollars in gold—half their remaining fortune—was spent in this manner, but still the customers did not come. A German merchant from the next street dropped in about this time, and, after carefully looking over the stock, said:

"Pisness is pum, eh? I don't tink you do much in this gountry, anyvay. I peen here six years und I don't make a living. If you vant to sell oudt I put on your stock, eh?"

"When we are ready to sell out we'll send you an engraved invitation to come to the funeral," said Dawson.

That week the remaining clerk was discharged and then the peon who acted as porter was let go. The rent was paid for three months, but the time soon arrived when the partners compared purses and totaled up less than ten dollars, national money. That night, Johnson, whose courage had reached a low level, asked Dawson if they were not equal partners in everything.

"Of course, Jim," replied Dawson, somewhat surprised. "Why? What's in your noddle now?"

"Half the stock is mine?"

"Yes."

"We have four typewriters. Two belong to me?"

Dawson assured him that he even owned half the dust on their sample roll-top desk. Johnson did not vouchsafe any explanation, but that night late several native carriers came to the door while Dawson was asleep at his modest boarding-house. Johnson and the German merchant accompanied them. The following morning Dawson, whose turn it was to open up, discovered that exactly one-half the sample goods in stock had vanished, and in their stead was a note which read:

> I am sorry, old man, but I just had to do it. This confounded country would be my finish if I stayed another week. I took only my share, as you will see. I would have spoken to you about it and asked you to come along, but I know your confounded obstinacy, and I felt sure you would refuse. I hope you will not stay here until you lose everything. I shall wait at Buenos Ayres until the tenth. If you don't join me by that time I shall go home. Good luck to you. JIM.

Dawson didn't whistle very much that day. He went about in grim silence, rearranging the small remaining stock of goods so that the great room would not appear quite barren. After closing time that night he spent hours at his desk, drafting an announcement which he had set up and printed in both Spanish and English the following day, paying for the work with money raised on his watch. I have a very clear recollection of the wording of that announcement. It was unique in the line of South American advertising. It ran as follows:

TO EVERY MAN WHO BELIEVES IN A FAIR SHOW:

Just six weeks ago I came to this country with a stock of American novelties and a partner. To-day I have about half the stock and no partner. The partner got cold feet and hiked back home, taking with him his share of our goods. Now, although I don't blame Johnson, I will say that I am not that kind of a Yankee. I am no quitter, savvy? If business don't pick up soon I'll have to move from my present shop, but I won't move from town. You will find me doing business somewhere if it's from a barrel on the street. I don't ask for anything but a fair show. I have the goods and can get more. If you want anything in the line of American novelties, just drop in. I'll be on exhibition myself from seven-thirty A. M. to ten P. M., although I am no novelty. There are plenty like me in the States. Come one, come all!

Grand Exposition of American Merchandise and Novelties.

CYRUS BAINBRIDGE DAWSON,
Sole Proprietor.

I would like to describe how the American store was simply swamped that day by buyers of every nationality, but it wouldn't be true. Such things happen only in fiction. The following evening, however, several railway officials from the Rosario road dropped in, one of them being the local purchasing agent. He did not have much to say, but when he left Dawson held an order for sixty metres of five-inch leather belting and six dozen railway lamp-chimneys—not a very large order, but encouraging. Within a week almost every American in town and more than half the English residents had occasion to call at the "Exposition," and presently Dawson found it necessary to reengage his peon porter.

Even with renewed prosperity it was heart-breaking work making both ends meet, but Dawson's ultimate triumph came when another American with capital and a stupendous admiration of Dawson's pluck joined forces with him. To-day the shop in Rosario is only a branch of the headquarters office at Buenos Ayres, and Dawson himself is firmly installed in New York as the American resident partner, but there is a very tender bit of sentiment about that double patio place in Rosario, and if you go there some day the manager may show you as a personal favor a yellow and time-stained copy of the "Yankee Announcement."

Not long ago President Roosevelt sent a message to the Senate in which he strongly approved of a suggestion made by Assistant Secretary of State Loomis to have appointed six special consular agents, or "commercial attachés." These representatives are to have for their duty the promotion of American trade in foreign lands, and it is suggested that they be distributed as follows:

"One to cover Austria, the Balkan States, Germany, Switzerland, Russia, and other countries of Northern Europe; one for France, Italy, Portugal, Spain, and other countries bordering on the Mediterranean; the third for Great Britain and her dependencies; the fourth for Mexico, Central America, the West Indies and South America; the fifth for Asia, more particularly Asiatic Russia, China and Japan; and the sixth to be held in reserve for special service and particular missions."

That this is a step in the right direction must be acknowledged by every one having practical experience with foreign trade, but unfortunately it is only a step. If the suggestion had called for three times six special consular agents, so that each could devote himself entirely to one country for the next three or four years, it would have been better. It is a part of our antiquated, inefficient handling of the foreign trade question that we rely to some extent upon the reports made by the members of our consular service. The system is not bad, but one can't do anything with merely a system—those who carry it out must know their business. With few exceptions, our consuls are not practical business men. They were not appointed because they knew structural steel, or cotton goods, or the ethics of trade in general, yet their monthly reports on available markets abroad for our products are distributed under the official seal of a Government department.

It is to be hoped that the men selected for the position of special consular agents, or "commercial attachés," will be well drilled not only in trade conditions, but also in the art of rendering authentic, concise and intelligent reports for the benefit of the export interests of the United States. Their work will be interesting enough, but it is doubtful if it will include any of the picturesque experiences common to the lot of the American salesman abroad.

Queer BookKeeping

THE queerest partnership I ever knew of was revealed not long ago when a special accountant of my acquaintance was summoned to prepare a statement of the standing of two partners who were about to separate. Several years before they had bought a large tract of acre property and subdivided it into city lots, selling these on the installment plan, giving contracts for deeds. He found that one of the partners had kept the records of the first three years of business transactions in a series of vest-pocket memorandum-books, while the other partner had only a bank account to show his part in the business.

For several years of the partnership the country was suffering from a business depression which made it impossible for those who owned lots to keep up their payments. Under the terms of the sale-contracts the title to the property remained in the possession of the partners until the final payment had been made, and forfeiture of all rights resulted from the lapse of a certain number of payments. Instances in which the property had reverted to the partners were numerous, and several such sale-contracts had been in force, at different times, upon the same lot. In fact, one piece of property was contracted for no less than seven different times.

When the accountant went to probe into matters and to press the bookkeeping partner with questions the ordeal of continuous explanation was a very severe one and showed its effects upon him most painfully. In a surprisingly short time he broke completely under the strain and became distracted, in the legal sense of the term. Before the accountant's statement was completed it became clearly evident that this partner had imposed upon his unsuspecting associate and had manipulated the accounts greatly to his own advantage. It was as loosely conducted business as I have ever met with. —*Otto W. Helbig.*

OUR BROAD CLAIM

is that no fashionable haberdasher will sell you the equal of any of the goods we offer at anything like our prices. We

OUR OFFER: We will send postpaid on receipt of price, any of the goods named below, subject to your approval. Everything is guaranteed to be as represented. If dissatisfied with the goods you may return them, and we will exchange them or refund your money, as you wish. Under this offer you are taking no chances. We must please you or there is no sale.

"This is the tie that binds."

FOUR-IN-HAND TIES: All silk, full size and length, will outwear two or three of the regular 50c kind. Latest New York ... or satin, or assorted colors that will please the most fastidious, to any address . . . . . $3 for box of 6

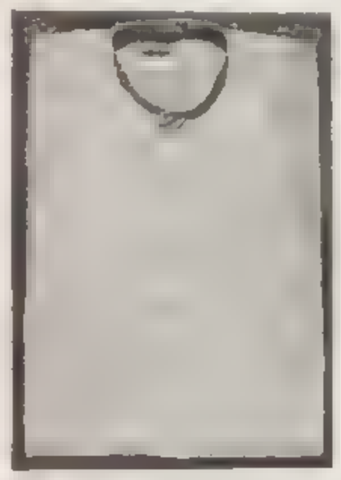
LONG STRING OR CLUB TIES . . . . . $3 for box of 6

BAT TIES . . . standing or turn down collars, all silk, in black, white or assorted colors, to any address . . . . . $3 for box of 6

No ties made up, all to be tied by . . .

WHITE LINEN DRESS SHIRTS
1st.—3 ply pleated linen bosom shirts, 13 to 17 inch . . . . . $7.50 for box of 6
2nd.—3 ply plain linen bosom shirts, open front or back, or convertible, 13½, 14 or 15-inch bosoms, cuffs attached . . . . . $7.50 for box of 6
3rd.—Extra quality 4-ply 14½-inch linen bosom, open front and back, with new wide cuffs attached, regular $2.00 quality . . . . . $9.00 for box of 6

OVALESQUE SHIRTS No Straps! No Flaps! No Belts! No Buttons! No Buttons required to keep the bosom in perfect shape, or to prevent tearing or breaking . . . . . want . . .



No 1 . . . $2.00 each
No 2 . . . $2.25 each
No 3 . . . $2.50 each
No 4 . . . $2.50 each

BOYS' White LINEN BOSOM DRESS SHIRTS . . . . . $6.00 for box of 6

COLORED PERCALE SHIRTS in splendid selection, white ground, striped or figured with cuffs, and full length 4-ply bosoms, sewn front and back. . . . . $7.50 for box of 6 . . . . . $9.00 for box of 6

PAJAMAS . . .
No 1 . . . quality Domet Flannel, pearl buttons, handsomely . . . Box of 3 Suits, $4.50
No 2 . . . Fine quality Tessel Down Flannel, pockets, frogged . . . reinforced fronts, stitched and felled . . . Box of 3 Suits, $6.00

NIGHT SHIRTS, same material and . . . as pajamas, full length, . . . stitched seams . . . and double yoke . . . sizes
No. 1 . . . eight Domet . . . $6.00 for box of 6
No 2 . . . eight Domet . . . $7.50 for box of 6
No 3.—Heavy weight Tessel Down . . . $9.00 for box of 6

ONE PIECE UNDERWEAR . . . sizes
In cotton, finest quality . . . $9.00 for box of 3 Suits
In merino, finest quality . . . $10.50 for box of 3 Suits
(Single trial suit in cotton $3.00, in merino $3.50, purchaser to pay express charges.)

SUSPENDERS.—Finest quality full elastic, full length, in white, gray, or black . . . regular $1.00 kind . . . $1.00 for box of 2 pairs

METROPOLITAN FAST BLACK HOSE . . . sizes made in lots of . . . pairs to retail at 50c a pair. Unquestionably you have . . . Our price Box of 6 pairs, $1.50

Our Motto. "A Satisfied Customer Comes Again"

METROPOLITAN NECKWEAR CO.
1 Madison Avenue New York

A BAD BOY

The Way of the Young Transgressor

By EDWIN L. SABIN

DUSKIER grows the little room, and more woeful sound your sobs as you bedew the pillow with your ceaseless tears. Anon you pause and hold your breath to listen; but nobody comes or seems to be paying any attention; for you have been a bad boy—oh, a very bad boy!—and have been sent to bed without your supper, almost in broad daylight.

"Boo-hoo! Boo-h-hoo! B-b-boo-h-h-hoo! Boo-hoo-hoo! H-h-hoo!"

It is terrible to be a bad boy.

"Boo-hoo! Hoo-hoo-hoo!"

But you are good now.

"Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo-hoo!"

You did not mean to be so bad. No.

"Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo-hoo!"

Oh ——

"Boo-hoo! Boo-h-hoo! Boo-hoo-oo-oo!"

You are utterly miserable, and marooned here with only your grief for company.

"Boo-hoo! Boo-h-hoo!"

The night settles down, and still you are unsuccored and unforgiven, loudly repentant as you may be.

"Boo-hoo! Boo-h-hoo-oo-oo!"

Hark! Somebody is mounting the stairs. You redouble your appealing sobs. Amidst the darkness mother comes gliding into the room.

"Johnny?" says mother's voice, gently remonstrating, gently pitying.

"Boo-hoo! H-h-hoo!"

Mother sits upon the bedside and with healing touch smooths your wet and wretched brow.

"Are you sorry you were naughty, dear?"

"Y-y-yes. Boo-hoo-hoo-oo!"

"You will be good now?"

"Y-yes, ma'am. Boo-hoo! H-h-hoo!"

"You are sure? Very sure?"

"Yes! Y-y-yes! Oh, I will be good, mamma; I will be good! Boo-hoo-hoo!"

"Mother's own boy! There, there; don't cry any more. I'll bring you some crackers, and then you must go to sleep."

"Can't I get up?"

"No; not to-night. But it's bedtime, anyway. And you'll never be bad any more?"

"I'll never be bad any more," you promise earnestly.

She kisses you, and wipes your face with her own handkerchief; and she brings you up some crackers—father tacitly approving of her ministrations.

She kisses you again—in her kiss a prayer and a blessing—and leaves; and, with the darkness not so desolate as ten minutes previous, sobs defunct, you munch your manna, and—very, very, *very* good—you fall asleep.

Methods of being bad were varied: leading, of course, but through channels of pain and discomfort to being good again. The pendulum swung now in the one direction, now in the other. Being bad might be tracking up Maggie's clean kitchen floor, or calling her a "darned old fool" or otherwise maltreating her; or answering mother or father saucily, or misrunning errands, or whining about being deprived of some coveted pleasure, or even from so slight a matter as an article of food not to the taste; and then, once you told a lie! Ah, the blackness of that!

Once you smoked real tobacco—but that was a badness and penalty together.

One may not always explain just why one is bad. Many a day the condition is entirely outside of one's volition. In fact, some days are ruled by an evil star, against which there is no contending, from which there is no appeal. Things go wrong from the very start.

All unconscious of impending trouble, you awaken to greet the smile of morn brightening your cozy chamber; and innocently, even happily, you descend the stairs to breakfast.

"Good-morning," says mother.

"Good-morning," says father.

"Good-morning," you agree.

And, apparently, a good morning it is. Alas, how quickly does it prove to be otherwise—and an afternoon follows!

In the first place, you draw a burnt piece of toast, and properly you stick out your lip at it.

"What is the matter, Johnny?" asks mother presently. "Aren't you going to eat your toast?"

"It's burnt," you declare.

"Let me see."

"Oh, that isn't burnt enough to hurt it!" asserts father bluffly.

"It is, too!" you reaffirm, indignant.

"Johnny!"

Father's voice suddenly becomes warning, watchful.

"Eat it, and say nothing," directs mother, supporting him.

"It is, too, burnt!" you whine.

"That piece of toast is good enough for anybody," decrees father. "If you can't eat it, you may leave the table."

"But I'm hungry, and I want some toast!" you whine, further.

"Johnny," announces father—mother, by her severe look upon you, abetting—"if I hear another word of complaint I shall punish you!"

"I don't like burnt toast!" you falter.

"Must we begin the day by whipping you?" suggests mother.

"No'm."

"Well, I should hope not," she reproaches.

So should you. Much abused, you nibble disdainfully at the toast; and moved to make the best of a bad bargain eventually worry it down with three or four decisive gulps and reach for more. It was not so *very* burnt; but your evil genius is perched upon your luckless shoulder; everything goes wrong with you.

You may not be whipped; possibly you may not be sent supperless to bed; but you certainly are fated to serve a term of imprisonment on the home premises, and to suffer the humiliation of answering, when invited outside by solicitous comrades:

"Naw; I can't. I've got to stay in the yard."

Perhaps, to lighten your confinement, they venture in; whereupon mother calls, from the window or door—her voice mild but decisive, and, as befitting the case, slightly solemn:

"Boys, you mustn't talk to Johnny, or play with him. He's been naughty. You can come over some other time."

And amidst an embarrassing silence your company leaves—once outside, to scamper away, jeering. Humph! That is kind of mean of mother. And, lonesomely, you proceed to wander about again.

The signs of boyhood's zodiac shift very rapidly, and are most eccentric. The day may be ushered in under the auspices of the Sign of the Circus, or under Pisces, the Sign of Fish, when without much warning the Sign of Aquarius, pouring forth tears, may be in the zenith, and the Sign of the Whip in the ascendent—to effect a conjunction!

Mother had dispatched you upon an errand, and blithely you had departed; and the mission, to result in benefit, requiring expedition, you had engaged to go straight "there" and come straight back.

"Now, remember, Johnny; I am in a hurry and I shall be waiting," called mother.

"Yes'm," you answered.

You responded in good faith, and your intentions were entirely creditable. But, taking advantage of your absence, the family clocks went galloping ahead (erratic clocks they were, now too slow—at mealtime—and now too fast—at bedtime), and when, oppressed by foreboding of storm, you entered, breathless, the yard, and, hesitant, the door, you found not only mother, but father also, awaiting, to confront you.

"Oh, Johnny! How could you? And when you knew I was in a hurry!" accused mother, almost tearfully.

"But I came as quick as I could," you defended feebly.

"Mamma says that you left home at half-past two; and now it is nearly six!" informed father sternly.

You hung your head, and shuffled your feet, and wished that you might conveniently be transported elsewhere. Things certainly looked black.

"Where have you been all this time?" reproached mother.

"Jus' playin'. I didn't think it was so late," you stammered.

"But didn't mamma tell you to be right back?" demanded father.

"Yes, sir," you admitted faintly.

"Then why didn't you do it?"

"And you *knew* how I was waiting," supplemented mother, still mournfully.

"I forgot," you whimpered.

Yes; your domestic affairs were in desperate straits. There was a pregnant silence, while father and mother severely eyed you—their uncompromising gaze penetrating the top of your shamed head, thence forcing your heart into your traditional boots and weighting you to the floor.

How, amidst that silence, your being revolted against those allurements which had waylaid you, and kidnaped you, and got you into this fix, and now had left you stranded, naked and without resource!

"I am much afraid," spoke father slowly, after an age and a day of silence, "that he deserves a hard whipping, Mary."

You were afraid so, too; and with poignant trepidation you awaited mother's reply.

"Yes—I am afraid so," declared mother sorrowfully. "He has been very naughty, and he *knew* how much trouble he was causing me."

Dread froze about your heart. You perceived yourself the culprit convicted and condemned.

"He can stay here with you—right where he is, till I come back," directed father.

Walking heavily, irrevocably, father left the room; you heard him pass through the kitchen, into the back yard. He had gone to cut a switch from that all-too-handy cherry-tree—a fresh switch.

The stillness of the house was frightful, and so ominous, half-pitying, half-pitiless. Even the steps of Maggie the girl seemed hushed, as she intuitively sensed the tragedy about to be enacted. "Tick-tock; tick-tock; bad boy; bad boy; bad boy!" resounded the clock upon the mantel. Mother said not a word; she only gazed upon you; you did not look up, but you felt her.

The back door slammed. Father was coming in—bringing the switch through the kitchen, in plain view of Maggie! . . 'Twas true! You were going to get a whipping—for here he was, with the switch! You shot a hasty, helpless glance at him. He was bearing down—and was holding it little and trimmed and stingy—by his side.

The crisis was upon you; and breaking all restraint you writhed in agony of soul and anticipated agony of flesh.

"No, no!" you besought, your tears gushing and your face distorted in wet appeal. "I don't want to be whipped! I don't want to be whipped!" You hopped from foot to foot, and in the kitchen Maggie stopped all work, to give ear. "I'll never do it again! Papa, I'll never do it again!"

You would have flopped to your knees and wooed him as a god and the cherry switch as a fetish, if the worst demanded it.

Father glances at mother, and mother glances at father. Father delays his hand, and a wild flutter of hope throbs within you.

"I won't do it again! I didn't mean to forget!" you blubber convulsively.

"Shall we let him off this time?" suggests father gravely.

"Maybe; he says he will never do it again," answers mother, with tone tentative.

They eye you.

"I'll never do it again," you sob.

"Well," decrees father impressively, "*this* time we won't whip him. We'll just put the whip in the closet, and keep it in readiness, so that *next* time ——" and with significant ostentation he stows the instrument of torture in the closet-corner.

You are so grateful that you would hug him and mother; and so utterly crushed, but thankful, that without question you accept whatever other punishment is dealt out—as dealt out it assuredly is—to you.

(Continued on Page 22)

New York Style

Women envy and men admire it.

You can have it without leaving your home, no matter where you live.

Simply write for our Style Book and Samples, and let us make your garments to your measure.

Winter Suits and Cloaks

Everything Made to Order — $6 to $25 — Nothing Ready Made

Every garment you order is cut so as to become ... and is made to fit you.

Every garment we make has a charm of style that instantly stamps it as a New York production.

Each garment is made from some one of the 150 styles illustrated in our Style Book (sent free) which shows what is being worn now by fashionable dressers in ... fashion centre.

We ... over 400 materials ... and new and ... especially for this season's wear. Guaranteed to be fast colors and well shrunken. Make your choice from samples which, with the Style Book, we send FREE to any part of the United States.

We guarantee to fit you or refund your money.

Do not fail to send for the Style Book and Samples **before you decide on your Winter costume.**

They will save you trouble and expense ... will be lost ... They will relieve you of all dressmaking troubles.

The Style Book illustrates

Visiting Costumes, . . .	$6.00 to $20
Tailor-Made Suits, . . .	$7.50 to $25
Separate Skirts, ...	$3.50 to $12
Rain Coats, ...	$9.75 to $20
Jackets and Coats, . . .	$5.75 to $25

We prepay express charges to any part of the U. S.

We send free ... Winter Style Book ... Write for them to-day.

National Cloak & Suit Co.

119 and 121 West 23d St., New York

Mail Orders ... No Agents or ...

No. 80539 - Karpen Library Suite. A beau

No. 80973—Karpen Sleepy-Hollow Turkish Rocker or Arm Chair

No 70785

No 70785 Karpen Turkish Rocker or Arm-Chair

No. 70979 Karpen Turkish Rocker or Arm Chair

No. 90301

No. 90301—Karpen Morris Chair

No. 80937 Karpen Mission Morris Chair

No 80324 Karpen Library Chair or Rocker

No. 80978 Karpen Rocker or Chair

No. 70787—Karpen Sleepy Hollow Rocker or Arm-Chair

No. 80937

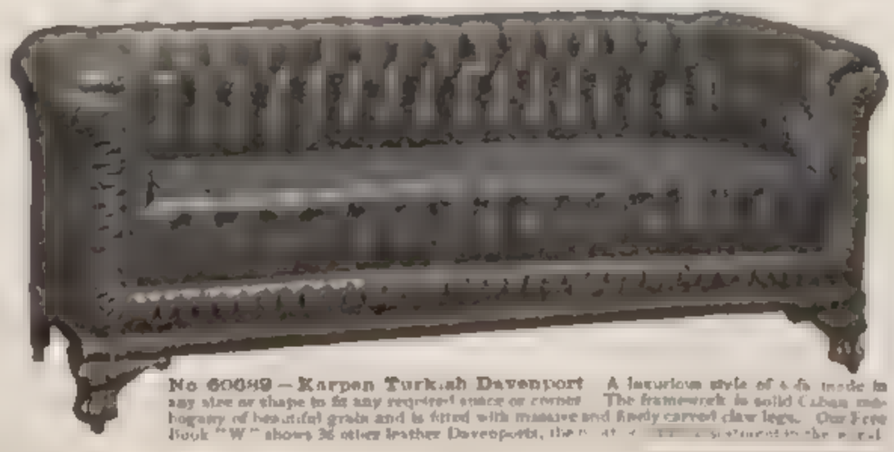
No. 80324

No 80978

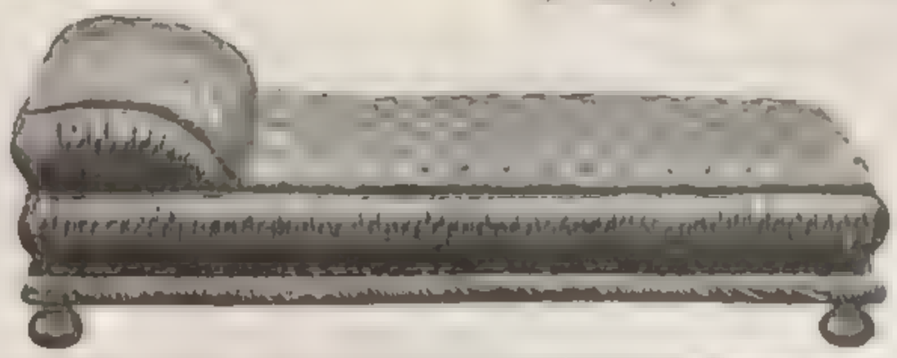
No. 70787

No. 70929—Karpen Morris Chair. A

No. 70692 K



No 80089—Karpen Turkish Davenport A luxurious style of sofa made in any size or shape to fit any required space or corner. The framework is solid Cuban mahogany of beautiful grain and is fitted with massive and finely carved claw legs. Our Free Book "W" shows 36 other leather Davenports, the



No 80049—Karpen Couch. This is an excellent example of a finely molded base and heavy ball legs. The upholstering is artisans in America. Covered with Karpen Sterling L

No. 80028—Karpen Mission Couch This couch will be for a den, library or summer home. It

Write for Free Boo

No intending purchaser of leather furniture should buy before request. It will protect you from being imposed upon by the m which the market is flooded. Book "W" pictures and descri conceivable purpose. It has 82 pages showing **Chairs, Lounges, Davenports, Sofa-Beds and 3-Piece Su** book. Prices from $3 50 for single chairs to $650 for elaborate

KARPEN Leather F

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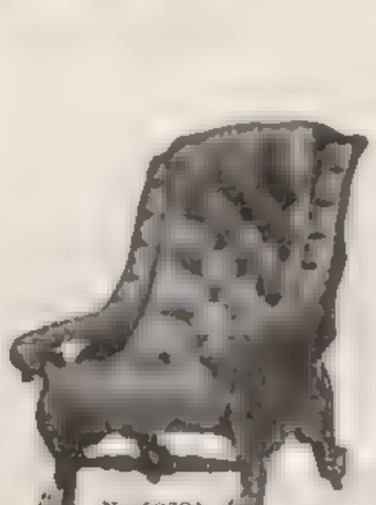

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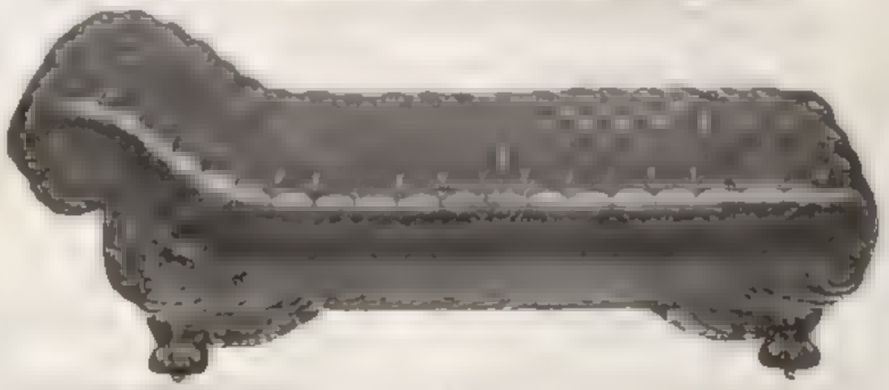

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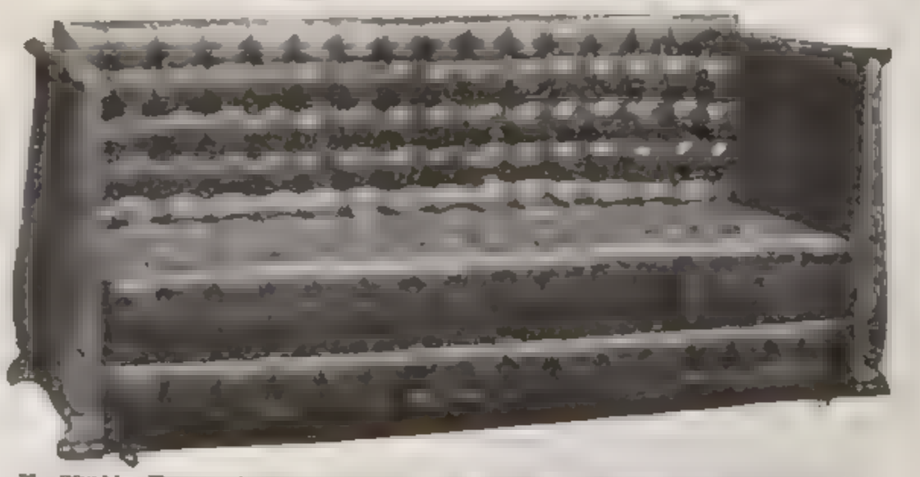

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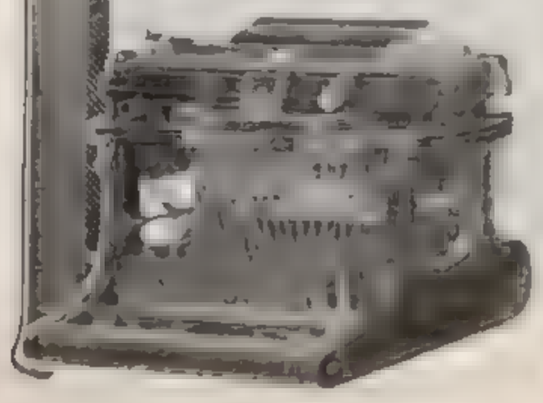

A B A D B O Y

(Continued from Page 19)

Sometimes, inadvertently, exploring the closet recesses, your hand encounters this whip, or kindred whips—brittle, mayhap, dry and dusty. You draw back, disquieted, abashed, and take another corner.

Or else—or else, father does *not* place the whip in retirement—at once; no! Sentence is carried out, though the heavens fall! If father is not there, mother can rise to the occasion—much as it hurts her

"Ya-a-ah! Got a whippin', didn't you! Aw, John got a whippin'!" gloats Hen, who, from without, had harkened, and interpreted.

"So'd you, last week! So'd you!" you retort, nagged and angered.

And so he had—for *you* had heard.

However, not all badness was fraught with unpleasant consequences. Badness outside of the family pale—badness even to the extent of scaling somebody's defenses and hooking apples, infraction of the Decalogue that it was—is still, so far as you may determine, unatoned for. Probably punishment is yet to come; but the apples did not, in many cases, deliver you to so much as a stomach-ache! Then there were other peccadillos, of like delightful and, as it seemed to you, innocuous character; but when you anticipated man's estate, and you and Hen, behind the barn (oh, place of many secrets!), smoked real tobacco, *then* descended retributive justice swift and grim, as Mother Nature wielded spanking hand

Grape-vine—a dry stem—made a very good smoke. One could puff at it, and, by dint of blistering one's tongue, keep it alight. Small canes and sticks of certain umbrellas were porous, and when cut into four-inch lengths "drew" finely, and, aside from a nauseous taste and an odor of scorching shellac, proved acceptable when nothing better offered. Brown paper rolled compactly into cigar form, large or small, answered, at times—although prone to flare up and threaten one's nose. If authorized by an excessive cold, mother sparingly sanctioned cubeb to clear your head; but she strictly limited you. Best of all makeshifts was well-cured corn-silk; for this could be chewed, or smoked in corn-cob pipe, or rolled in paper. It had the advantage of *looking* like tobacco, and even colored one's saliva. Nevertheless, none of these things was tobacco—real tobacco

Snoopie Mitchell the incorrigible Snoopie, and the to-all-practical-purposes parentless, the etymythe, jaunty and ragged free lance who went swimming and fishing whenever he pleased, and never had to work, brazenly smoked, on occasion, the material being odds and ends technically known as "snipes." Snoopie puffed as nonchalantly as could any one, and spat profusely. Fired by the sight, you and Hen had pleaded for a puff—just one.

"Aw, it'll make you sick!" declared Snoopie majestically.

"No, it won't! It won't—will it, Hen? Come on, Snoopie; just one!"

Snoopie handed you the reeking stub, and you put it between your lips and drew gingerly. Faugh! The single whiff slightly staggered you.

"Aw, gimme it!" demanded Hen jealously.

You gave it to him, and blew out a triumphant cloud. Hen took a puff. Snoopie promptly regained the stub and inserted it in his own mouth

"Good, ain't it?" you averred boldly to Hen—your lips smarting

Hen enthusiastically subscribed.

"Gee!" he asserted. "I bet that was a ten-center; wasn't it, Snoop?"

"Naw! This ain't no ten-center," rebuked Snoopie, the connoisseur. "It's nothin' but a fiver. I know the feller who throwed it away"—and Snoopie stalked off, puffing grandly.

You covertly wiped your mouth, and looked at the back of your hand. So did Hen. But if your lips were stinging, also was stinging your ambition. Likewise was Hen's. How insipid was grape-vine, rattan-stick, brown paper, corn-silk, or any other puffin subterfuge invented by boyish ingenuity! How tame was the mother-administered cubeb, when you could smoke real tobacco, like Snoopie, and like a Man!

To think was to plan; to plan was to act; and to act was for Hen, with you accessory before and after the fact, daringly to despoil his father's private stock, and safely to produce the trophies, for mutual delectation, behind the barn.

"Here," he said, in stage-whisper, passing you one of the Schmidt horrified but helpless weeds

He stuck the other in his mouth

"Got a match?" he asked gruffly-voice somewhat impeded.

"You got to bite off the end first," you instructed

You bit off the end of your cigar; Hen bit off the end of his cigar. You scratched a match, and applied it.

"Gimme a light," requested Hen in approved fashion.

You transferred the flame from your cigar to his. Squatting against the barn, you puffed; Hen puffed.

"Mine draws dandy. Does yours?" praised Hen thickly.

"You bet!" assured you—also thickly

"Beats corn-silk all hollow, don't it?"

"Of course! Corn-silk's nothin'! This is reg'ler tobacco!"

Hen removed his cigar, and looked at it reflectively. You removed yours, and looked at it. How much of it there still was! How little of it had yielded! You fingered it hesitantly. Somehow, it did not appeal to you any more. You felt kind of queer, lackadaisical.

You replaced the cigar, and proceeded with the puffing. Hen proceeded with his puffing

"Bully, ain't it?" you deposed to Hen.

"Uhhuh" replied Hen—but with no great degree of animation.

A wave of deadly nausea swept through you. It passed—but left a cold perspiration upon your brow. You gasped for breath, and, removing your cigar, studied it again. There was almost as much of it as ever. Hen removed his cigar, for similar scrutiny.

"Gee, you're white!" you denounced

"So are you! You ought to see yourself!" rebutted Hen.

Back flowed the wave of nausea; but in defiance of it you lifted your cigar, and, with hand noticeably shaky, restored it to your revolting lips. You puffed once-twice. Ugh! Your lips curled back, and fairly spat the thing into your fingers hastening to pluck it thence. The alley-way spun and wallowed, and you panted with the motion.

"I—guess—I—don't—want—to—smoke—any—more," you faltered, your voice thin, detached

"I—don't—either," stated Hen in the uncertain distance. "I've—got—to—go," he added

You did not care. You dimly perceived that he wandered off, somewhere. All right. You would not have moved, even were the barn about to tumble upon you. You merely settled, limp, sidewise. The cigar dropped from your nerveless fingers. Whew, in the midst of what a sea of nausea you were feebly striving! Not far away, in the first shade, Hen was lying on his face—likewise expiating. Dear, dear!

At the next meal thereafter, two boys were found to be without appetite, and four parents suspected, knew and questioned Hen got a "licking," but you didn't. Very willingly you promised "not to do it again." Oh, very willingly—ugh! Even corn-silk, for a time, repelled you. You were not so "big" as you thought you were.

When you told the lie

Right in the utterance of it you knew that mother knew; and the "No, ma'am" so boldly started ended weakly. Mother's clear eyes searched you through and through

"You *didn't*, Johnny?"

"N-no, ma'am"

You dropped your own eyes. Mother waited a full minute.

"To think that you would tell mamma a lie!" she said in low, awestricken tone. "You tell me you didn't, when I know so well you did! Oh, Johnny!"

You felt yourself growing smaller and smaller, shriveling into nothingness. But you had no defense.

"You must stay in the house till papa comes home. Then we shall see," she said enigmatically.

That was all. She left you—her steps slow and sorrow-laden. Wretched malefactor, you meandered uneasily from room

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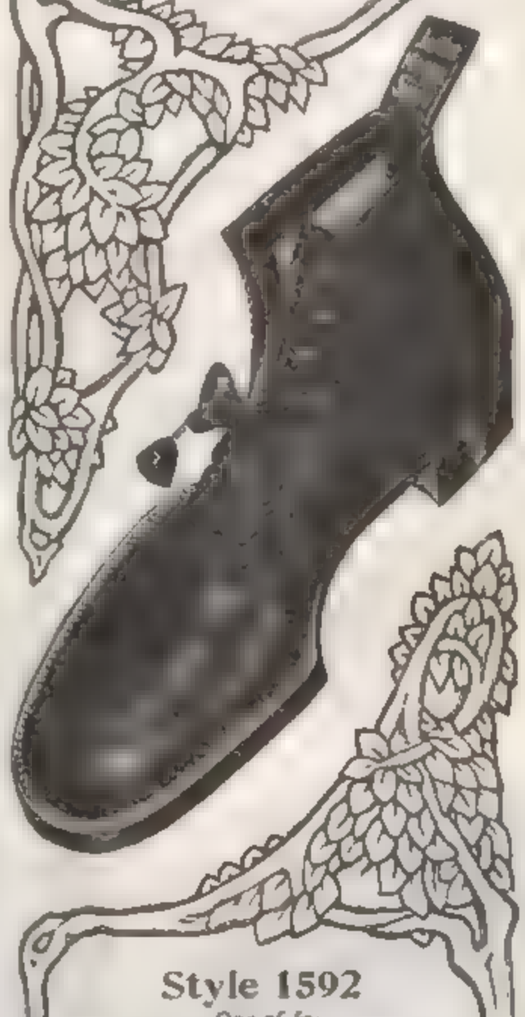

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depths tears oozed, and rolled down your cheeks

"Are you undressing, Johnny?" called mother below.

"Yes, ma'am," you wailed.

You slipped into your amazed nightie, and then into your astounded little bed. You did not say your prayers. You had been too bad: God would not listen.

Now your tears no longer merely rolled; they flowed. "Boo-hoo!" you gurgled miserably. Oh, your remorse, and your sense of indelible degradation! You had told a lie.

The world without was bright. The sun was on the horizon. Voices of passers-by and of neighbors reached you. You heard Hen hallooing to Billy Lunt. Even the birds were about. But here were you, in disgrace.

Below, dishes faintly clattered. Father and mother were eating supper. You wondered what they were having. "Boo-hoo!"—You wanted some.

Fitfully sobbing, but persistent; pausing only to break forth afresh, you mechanically noted the twilight glow and fade, and the shadows steal farther and farther from their corners, until they met and blended. The voices without, of people and birds, died away. Below, in the sitting-room, cheerily lamp-lighted, occasionally father, reading the paper, spoke to mother, and mother, crocheting, spoke to father—their words subdued and reminiscently mournful.

"B-boo-h-hoo!" you sobbed

You could not go to sleep—no; you were waiting to be forgiven. It was terrible to be up there, unforgiven, accurst, amidst the gathering darkness. And so you cried, and waited, and at last—came mother.

The Bryant of the Workshop

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON, the novelist, was recently indulging in some reminiscences, and drifted on to anecdotes about William Cullen Bryant, when Mr Bryant was half owner and editor-manager of the New York Evening Post and Mr. Eggleston was an editorial writer and literary critic on that paper.

When the Post building was erected it was the sky-scraper wonder of the city, being nine stories high. Elegant offices were fitted up for Mr. Bryant, although he seldom used them, preferring to do what writing he did on an old table beside the imposing-stone in the composing-room. Whenever he did ascend to the top story of the building he usually walked, shunning the elevator. He would not admit that he was afraid of the elevator. Although he was nearly an octogenarian, he insisted that he needed the exercise.

When the Emperor Dom Pedro, of Brazil, visited the United States, as one of the show-places of New York City he was taken to the Post building. He had also expressed a desire to meet Mr. Bryant, who was well known for his thoroughly democratic ways. Mr. Eggleston was delegated to show the Emperor around the building. Mr. Bryant was not in his offices, but when the composing-room was reached he was found writing at his old table.

"Mr. Bryant, this is Emperor Dom Pedro, of Brazil," said Mr. Eggleston.

"How are you? Glad to meet you. Have a chair!" bluffly replied Mr. Bryant, not deigning to arise from his seat.

One morning when he came to the office Mr. Bryant seemed to be disturbed. He went to the bookcase, took down a volume, hurriedly turned a few pages, impatiently put it back, and then repeated the operation with another book. Finally he entered Mr. Eggleston's room and sat down. Mr. Eggleston ceased his work and looked up, expecting that he was to receive a "calling down" for some mistake.

"No, it isn't anything that I want to say to you," said Mr. Bryant, noticing Mr. Eggleston's expectant look. "But I feel mean. When I was coming down to the office I passed a small boy flying a kite. The string struck me across the face and in my irritation I—I seized the string and broke it. I feel mean to think that I would permit my temper to spoil a boy's sport."

One day Mr. Bryant took Mr. Eggleston to task for having written a sarcastic criticism of a poem.

"Well, but you ought to have read the poem," explained Mr. Eggleston.

"Yes, I suppose it might have been pretty bad, but you can always find something good to say about even a bad poem. It is better to find good features to write about than to write such a criticism."

A few days later Mr. Eggleston had a book of alleged poems to review. Mr. Bryant happened to come into his room, whereupon the reviewer asked him if he would spare a few minutes and help to pick out the good features.

Mr. Bryant sat down, with the assurance of an easy task, and began to glance through the pages, pretty soon beginning to express his thoughts in broken sentences:

"Well, it is pretty bad, pretty bad—there don't seem to be any ideas to it—the metre is wretched—poetic expression is entirely lacking—but then you can say that the printing is—no, you can't say it is well printed, for it is not—but then you can say—say the binding is—no, you can't either, for it is a hideous binding ——"

By that time the old man had lost patience and seized the two covers in his hands, giving the volume a violent twist.

"Well, the binding is well put on, at any rate!" he exclaimed, throwing down the book and leaving the room.

Mr. Eggleston accordingly wrote out a review, beginning with the regular title-page form which was followed for book reviews at that time, and then simply said: "The publishers have bound the book with covers that are put on well."

Like many other people, Mr. Eggleston had noticed that in most printed copies of Thanatopsis several lines near the beginning were always printed in different type from the rest of the poem. He had wondered about it, but supposed that those lines must be a quotation from some other poem. Finally one day he ventured to ask Mr. Bryant about it.

"My boy," was the prompt reply, "I have been waiting for forty years for some one to ask me that question. Those lines have nothing to do with Thanatopsis. They were not a part of the poem. When my father took the manuscript of Thanatopsis to a publisher, those lines on another scrap of paper happened to get in with the manuscript. The publisher afterward explained that he could find nothing to indicate where they belonged in the poem, so he said he 'just stuck them in near the top.' I tried to have the poem published without those lines, but people then said that it was not complete. So I was forced to leave them in, but always had them set in different type."

—*Harry Newton Gardner.*

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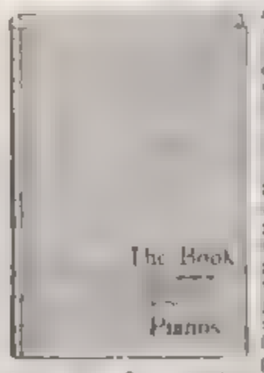

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American Tobacco Co. Plant, Richmond, Va.
Hampton Normal & Agricultural Institute (various buildings), Hampton, Va.
University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana (various buildings).
Virginia State Capitol, Richmond, Va.
American Legation Buildings, Pekin, China.

M & E MERCHANT & EVANS CO.
MERCHANT & CO., Inc.
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PLAYER FOLK

Miss Annie Russell, Who is to Appear in Bernard Shaw's New Play, Major Barbara

Annie Russell's Vicissitudes

ANNIE RUSSELL is a good illustration of the fact, often remarked, that the contrasts in the lives of player-folk are almost as dramatic as those in the lives of the people they impersonate. After making a decided impression in her youth for the poetic grace of her personality and the subtle refinement of her art, she became ill, and was reduced to the verge of want. She was tided over, however, and when she reappeared was strikingly successful, both with the public and with the connoisseurs of the art of acting. In London she was dubbed—and quite deservedly—"The American Duse." Charles Frohman agreed to manage her as a star.

Under his management she had only one notable success—in Captain Marshall's delightful phantasy, A Royal Family. For the rest, the plays Mr. Frohman gave her were radically unsuited both to her abilities and to her public. Last summer manager and star parted company. It looked as if Miss Russell's fortunes would soon again be at low tide.

Now comes the announcement that she is to have Bernard Shaw's new play, Major Barbara, bringing it out in London and subsequently coming with it to America. It will be the greatest of pities if she does not also some day play Candida—a part which is as thoroughly within the range of her personality and art as it has been beyond those of the actresses who have played it.

Off the stage Miss Russell has the refined and exquisite personality she reveals upon it. She adds, however, a pungent and satirical, if quiet, wit. One evening at a dinner-party the talk turned upon Ben Greet's success in the old morality play, Everyman. Some one remarked that it was greatly to the credit of the commercial manager who had backed the production. This happened not to be quite true, most of the credit being due to Mr. Greet. As for the manager, Miss Russell said, all that he had known about morality plays was that they were different from Sappho. The remark was so quietly made that only one of a large and talkative party caught it. But Miss Russell's voice is so pure, and her manner has so much distinction, that, as it happened, that one was seated at the diagonally opposite corner of the table.

How Shaw Came into Fashion

NOTHING is more noteworthy with regard to the vogue of Bernard Shaw than the manner in which it was brought about. Arnold Daly was a young actor known to the few for the vividness and force with which he had created several minor parts. It was thought that any real eminence in his profession was impossible because of the unrestraint of his Celtic temperament. He had begun life, moreover, as Charles Frohman's office-boy. The earliest extant memory of him is a row he made

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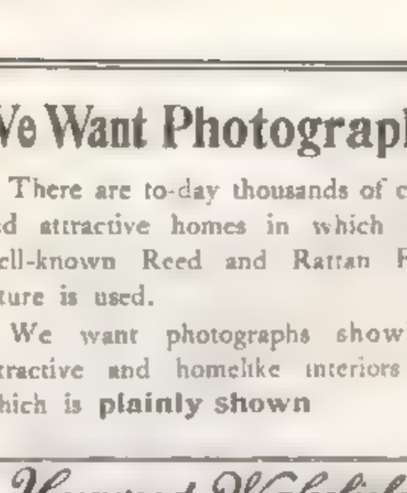

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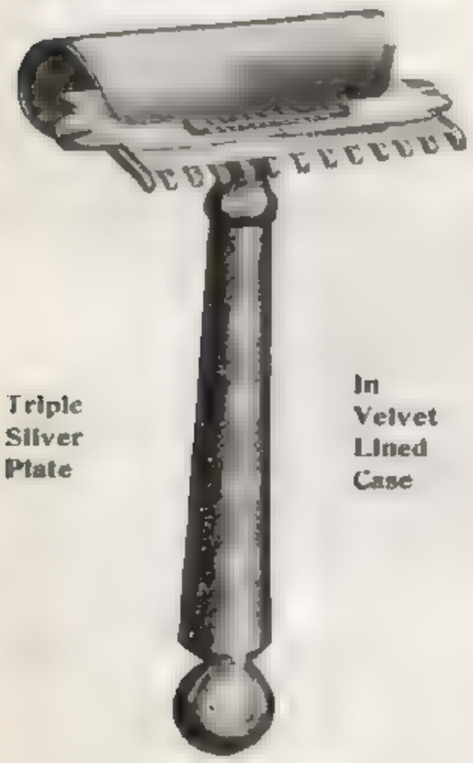

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MORTON 1137 Tacoma Building, Chicago, Ill.

because the office-boy of another manager spoiled his new pair of short pants. The managers expected little of him, being surprised that he was able to act at all. But he had read the Shaw plays, and believed they would act

His first move, half a dozen years ago, was to interest a band of his fellows in a production of Candida. Daniel Frohman lent his old Lyceum theatre for rehearsals and a matinée. The actors agreed to give their services free. But they were lax about learning their parts and attending rehearsals, and so the project fell through.

Three years ago Mr. Daly found himself the possessor of a balance of five hundred dollars in the bank. In such circumstances, as he relates, he knew that he would have to go bust on something, and this time he decided to go bust on art. He rented a theatre for a matinée and hired the few necessary actors. The result was an unexampled success—with the critics, that is. It so happened that there were two huge and costly productions the same week, both by established managers. Tired with writing about current vapidities, the critics wrote of nothing but Shaw, Daly and Candida.

Still, however, no manager could be found to back the new enterprise, and for a long time there was no second performance. Finally, Mr. Daly got a partner as obscure as himself. The play was put on for a series of matinées. Interest in it grew slowly, and it was forced to move about from pillar to post until, before the end of the season, it had been given on five different stages—the severest possible test of its vitality. But it provoked discussion—the best of advertisers. Husbands and wives were estranged and families were disrupted by differences of opinion on that matter of the heroine's shawl. In the end Candida won out as the sensation of the season.

Since then Mr. Daly has got a prominent manager to back him, and has produced a succession of the plays with increasing success. But he had already proved an able and steady-going manager, as well as an actor of rare distinction.

Another Rescue from Obscurity

THIS season another young actor, as obscure as Mr. Daly, attempted Man and Superman. Robert Lorraine had been known as a handsome but uninspired performer in romantic parts. Once when he appeared as the King in a historical play about Jane Shore, a local wit said that he looked like the King, but acted like the deuce. He believed in Shaw, however, and staked his last dollar, enlisting the aid of actresses of the eminence of Clara Bloodgood and Fay Davis.

The book of play is of unheard-of length, slender in plot, and quite without action. Even Mr. Shaw's admirers foreboded failure, but Mr. Lorraine got his author to cut out almost half of the talk, and went ahead. Lacking as the play is in the more obvious qualities usually thought essential to success, the dialogue is of unexampled vivacity and brilliance. The result is perhaps the most signal triumph of the Shaw boom. All the actors surpassed themselves, and Mr. Lorraine achieved a positive triumph.

These two young men have taught the commercial managers that the public is capable of enjoying intelligent drama, and have themselves experienced the truth of the adage that good plays make good actors.

An Undisguised Gillette

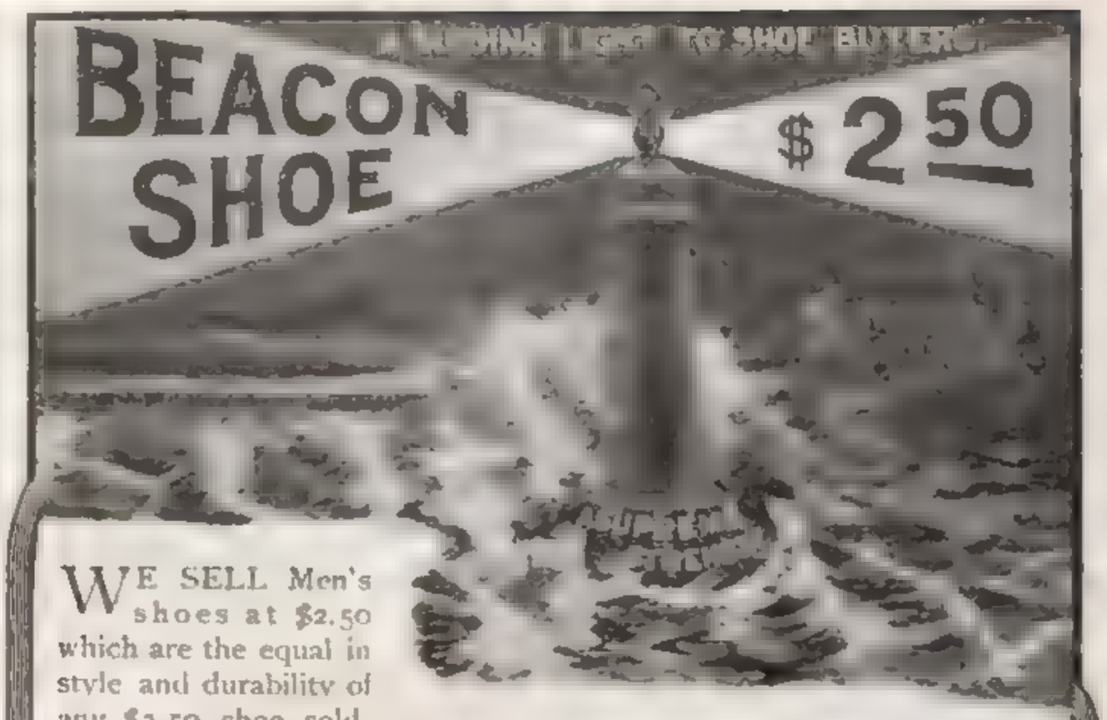
WILLIAM GILLETTE has less reason than most actors to complain of the critics; but he is by nature reserved, perhaps sensitive; and—almost alone in his profession—he makes it a rule never, if he can help it, to meet newspaper men. On one occasion when an old personal friend became a dramatic critic he made it understood that the acquaintance was off, *pro tem.*

Knowing this, a critic who happened to be at the same dinner-party during Mr. Gillette's last appearance in New York purposely avoided him. When the men were on their way to join the ladies after dinner, the actor so far departed from his custom as to make the advances.

"I don't know whether you know who I am," he said, modestly introducing himself.

"You accuse me of gross ignorance in my profession," the critic answered, amused.

"Not at all!" Mr. Gillette hastened to assure him with a quiet smile. "I only thought it possible that you had failed to penetrate my various disguises."



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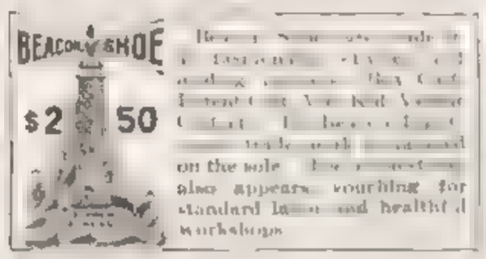

We are establishing exclusive agencies with leading shoe dealers in all towns and cities. Send us your name and we will send our catalogue. Beacon Light and the name of our nearest agent. If the Beacon Shoe is not on sale in your vicinity, we will sell by mail—simply charging 25 cents extra for express (total cost $2.75).

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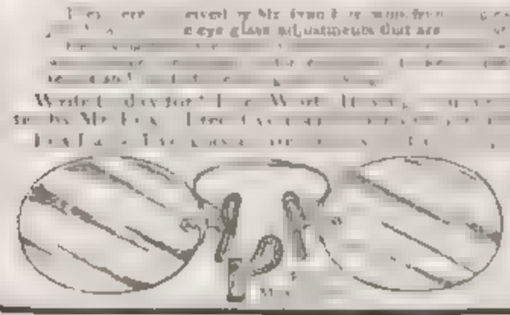

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[illegible] Free Book [illegible] you have had it, ask for new printed matter.

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Cudahy's Rex Beef Extract for Soups Sauces, Savory Sundries and

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For each Spoon desired send a metal cap from a 2-oz. or larger sized jar of **Rex Beef Extract**, or Cudahy's Nutritive Beef Extract, and ten cents in silver or stamps to cover packing and mailing expenses. (A set of six spoons requires 6 metal caps and 60c.)

If your grocer cannot obtain it, send [illegible] name of [illegible] Rex Beef Extract [illegible] Cudahy's Rex Beef Extract is sold by grocers and druggists

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Send 2 cent stamp for "From Ranch to Table," An illustrated cook book

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Women and Arrows

Young ladies—would you guess it?—are like arrows—don't you know?—
They cannot pierce a single heart until they have a beau.
And like the helpless arrows which, alone, can nothing do,
Young ladies, till they get a beau, are in a quiver, too.

Tact and Tracts

CORPORAL TANNER, whose election to the head of the Grand Army of the Republic was accomplished only a few weeks ago, had both legs shot off at the second battle of Bull Run. At the hospital where he lay the tedium of his convalescence was occasionally relieved by the visitation of charitably-inclined ladies.

"On one frightfully warm day," narrates Corporal Tanner, "a hospital visitor entered my room, bearing on her arm a small covered basket. Visions of juicy peaches and luscious grapes surrounded that basket. As she took a seat by my bedside, placing the basket on the floor, I could almost smell that fruit. While the good lady interested herself in conversation that concerned my spiritual welfare, I am afraid my better nature was coarsely considering the contents of that basket. She talked on and on, the while I was swallowing the juices that the mere thought of that fruit produced.

"Finally she reached for the basket, lifted the lid and produced—a tract, which she laid on the coverlet right under my eyes. As she started for the door I read the title of the tract; it was *On the Evils of Dancing*. I called to her; she turned. I raised my right hand and said to her: 'Madam, I pledge you my solemn word of honor that I never will dance again as long as I live!'"

When Ignorance is Bliss

TWO New Yorkers, on a hunting expedition in the Tennessee mountains, were compelled to seek a night's shelter under the roof of a cabin they stumbled upon. After supper, their host explained that although there was only one bed there was no occasion to worry about their resting-place. He and his wife then put two of the children in the bed; in a few moments they were asleep. The father then carefully deposited them, still sleeping, on the floor. This operation was repeated until the host's six children were fast asleep, oblivious to the hardness of their plank bed. The mountaineer then informed the travelers that the bed was at their disposal, whereupon, fatigued from the day's tramping, they retired and soon were fast asleep.

In the morning, when they awoke, they found themselves on the floor, and their host and hostess fast asleep in the bed.

His Feelings Were Hurt

AN IRISHMAN was at work on a hoisting machine that carried hods of bricks to the top of a building, and brought them down empty. Happening to get caught he was carried to the top floor, and in the orderly but rapid progress of the machine was brought to the ground rather suddenly. A fellow-workman leaned from the second story scaffolding and cried: "Are you hurt, Pat?"

"You go to the divvle!" shouted Pat. "I passed you twicet and ye niver spoke to me."

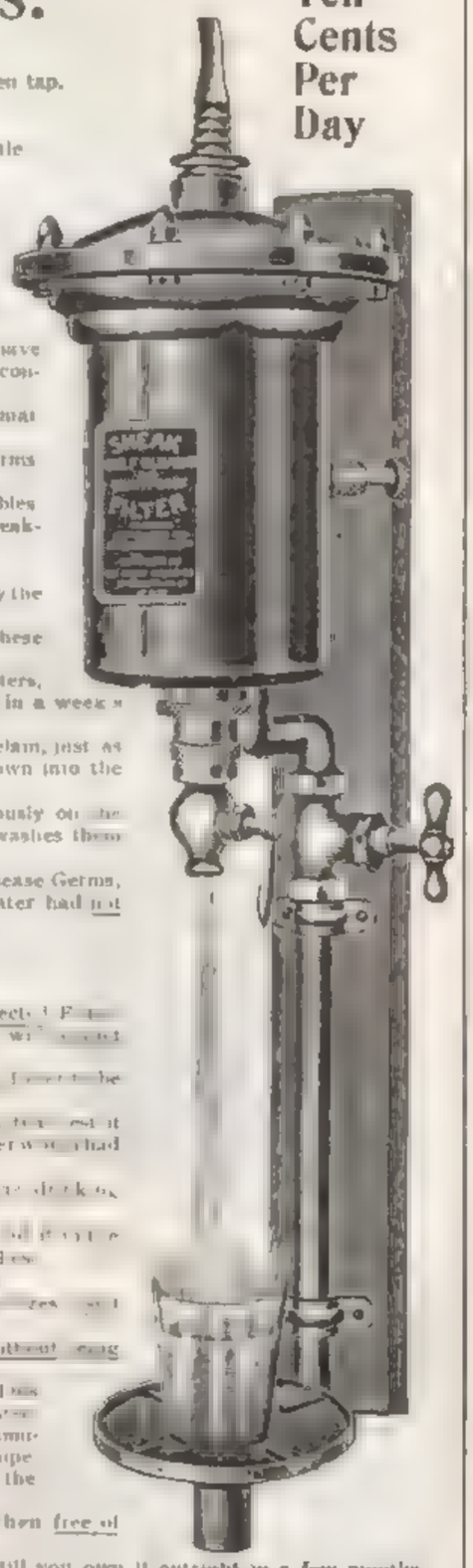
Let the Government Lose It

AN OFFICIAL of the United States Court for the Southern District of Georgia tells an interesting anecdote of Emery Speer, who presides with dignity, even with grace, over the bench of that tribunal. The trial of an alleged counterfeiter had occupied the attention of the court all morning, and, in order to dispose of the case during the day, the court ordered an afternoon session.

Promptly at three o'clock Judge Speer was on the bench, but no prisoner, no marshal, was present. At 3:25 marshal and prisoner came strolling leisurely into the courtroom—the prisoner had been allowed a little exercise in company with the marshal during the dinner-hour

How Tap Water causes Sickness.

Ten Cents Per Day



FILL a clear glass bottle with water from the kitchen tap.
Let it stand still a couple of days.
Then look closely into it.
[illegible] note the sediment on the bottom of the bottle
Well, what is that sediment?
It is dead Animal matter,—rotting Vegetable débris,—Offal.
These turn into Bacteria, as cheese turns into Mites [illegible] little living things, invisible to the eye but [illegible] as mosquitoes.
Another name for them is Germs—"Water Germs [illegible] one million.
A teaspoonful of average city water from the tap will have 10,000 to 60,000 of these living Germs, according to the condition of the water supply and of the plumbing.
Some of these Bacteria are deadly poison to the human system, when they are numerous enough
Such are the Typhoid Germs, and the Cholera Germs that spread epidemics.
Others cause Diarrhoea and Intestinal (bowel) troubles
Others prey upon the health through the Digestion, weakening the system and setting up inside irritation.
Ask your Doctor!
[illegible] bing gets full of these Bacteria, which grow by the [illegible] thy mass around it.
An [illegible] kitchen Filters are mere Incubators for these [illegible]
The Bacteria that the filtering material, in most Filters, stop from going through with the water, grow through, in a week's time, if not daily removed and weekly sterilized
Yes, they will GROW through even stone or porcelain, just as a cancer grows, or just as the roots of a plant grow down into the [illegible]
[illegible] having grown through, they multiply enormously on the [illegible] of the filter tap from which the running water washes them [illegible]
One [illegible] times as many Bacteria, or Disease Germs, [illegible] as you would have had if the water had not passed through the [illegible] Filter at all.

* * *

The most dangerous thing in any kitchen is a neglected Filter
It's like having a lightning rod so badly fitted that it will [illegible] lightning but fail to carry [illegible]
Now, there [illegible] and still [illegible] be had, at any price.
That is the Sheak Safety Filter pictured here. One [illegible] took 19,980 Bacteria out of a teaspoonful of the [illegible] water that previously contained over 20,000 to the [illegible] [illegible] 10 Bacteria [illegible] and the drinking water [illegible] were then delivered
The Sheak Filter [illegible] by any prominent as [illegible] Laboratory of Bacteriology at [illegible]
Let us set one up [illegible] and we'll prove it
The Sheak [illegible] is the only Filter that cleans [illegible]
It is the only Filter that [illegible] or steamed without [illegible] taking it [illegible] the house
[illegible] sets the stone filtering cylinder revolving [illegible] cutting edge that grinds all the Germs, and filthy accumulations off the face of the stone and into the waste water pipe
[illegible] it you simply touch a lighted match to the [illegible] shown in our book on page 10
Now, this Sheak Safety Filter we install in your kitchen free of [illegible] on a fortnight's trial.
[illegible] may pay us Ten Cents a day rental for it, till you own it outright in a few months
Isn't Ten Cents a day a small price for Health Insurance to the whole Family,—for protection against Typhoid, Cholera, Diarrhoea and other water Germs, to say nothing of the Filth this Filter takes out of the water?
Write [illegible] for our free book, entitled "Sanitary Dangers," which tells about Water Germs and Home Protection
Or shall we install a Sheak Filter at once, in your kitchen, on two weeks' trial, at 10 cents a day? Write to-day, while you think of it, to The Sheak Filter Co., P. O. Box 17, Binghamton, N. Y.

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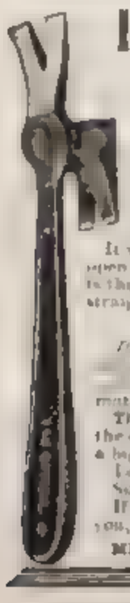
It Draws Nails Straight



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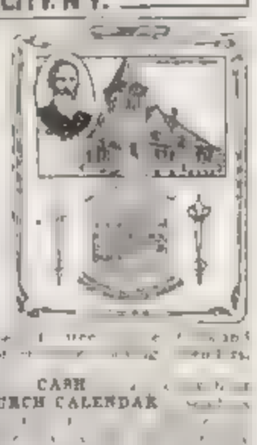

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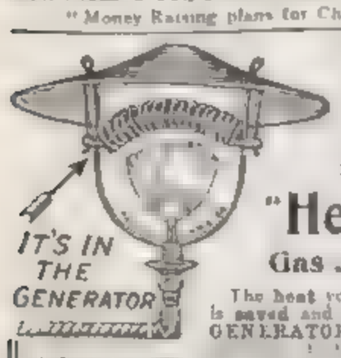

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"Will the marshal kindly explain why he has thus delayed the court?" asked Judge Speer.

"Your honor, I understood the court took a recess until 3:30 P. M.," was the marshal's excuse.

"The marshal should not understand, he should know," said the court. "Mr. Clerk, you will enter a fine of ten dollars against the marshal for his carelessness. Proceed with the trial."

It was perhaps an hour later when, during the examination of an important witness in the case, the marshal was seen in subdued but earnest conversation with the judge. In a moment the proceedings of the court were stopped, and Judge Speer turned to the clerk.

"Mr. Clerk," he said, "you will erase that fine against the marshal. He is up here trying to borrow the money from me, and the Government can better afford to lose it than I can. Proceed with the case."

True Affection

When a man weds a girl whom he dreams has the "chink"
He will capture along with his dove,
And finds she is poor, it must glad him to think
That he really did marry for love.

What They Said

AN ORDINARY man named Smith living in an ordinary house in an ordinary town gave ten dollars to a charitable cause and his name was printed in the semi-annual report in due course. And these are the comments that his various friends and neighbors made on his action:

Said one: "Charity begins at home. His house needs a coat of paint."

Another said: "Wanted to get his name in the charity-report."

There was one who said: "When a man is only getting twenty-five dollars a week salary and gives ten to charity he is more generous than a Carnefeller or a Rockegie."

And another said: "Only ten, and they need hundreds!"

There was one said: "So Smith gave ten dollars! I'll bet they had to hound him for it!"

And another said: "Ten dollars! I misjudged him. Always thought he was mean before."

One there was who said: "If every one would give proportionately there would be no poverty."

And one said: "I wonder whether Smith intends to run for office."

One remarked, when he heard that Smith had given ten dollars: "Well, that's his business. It's certainly none of mine."

And one said: "Gee, where'd he get it?"

Another said: "Just like Smith, only it's a wonder it leaked out."

One fellow said: "Why didn't he hire a brass band and advertise the fact? Idea of letting a picayune ten into the list of donations!"

Another said: "By George, if he thinks he can give ten, I'll give a hundred! Why, his gate is off its hinges!"

And there was one of them who said: "He makes me ashamed of myself. I guess I can squeeze out ten, too."

And one said: "Makes me mad to see a man like Smith give as much as that. Just as if he was trying to shame a fellow into being charitable. I won't give a cent."

And one said: "I wonder if it was tainted money."

And an artist said: "Well, I guess he could afford it. He gets a regular salary."

And another artist said: "Pretty generous for a business man."

And a literary man said: "I wonder what his motive was."

And a poor man said: "God bless men like him."

And another poor man said: "Where do I come in?"

But Smith himself said nothing.

—*Charles Battell Loomis.*

Uncle Ephraim's Notions

DE ROOSTER'S crow don't sound so big when de hen starts ter cacklin' ober a new aig.

It ain't charity ter find fault wid de looks ob a scarecrow aftah er hard wintah.

When luck knocks at de doah, hit don't hang erround ter listen to de man who gits mad fer bein' waked up.

I notice one thing: dese gradduates is like bumblebees—biggest when dey first gits out, but spryer aftah deh knocks agin' de world a bit.

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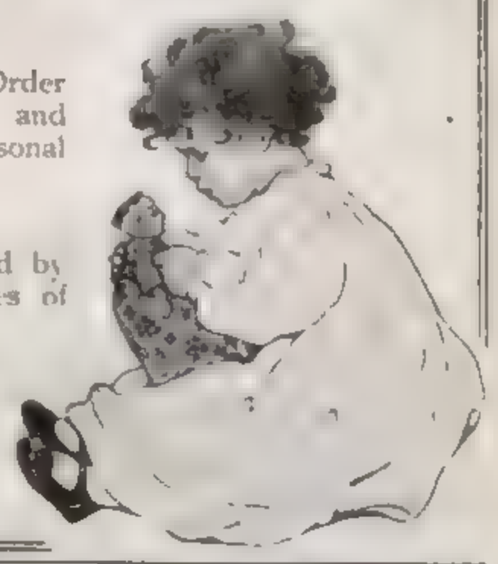

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ODDITIES & NOVELTIES

The Theory of "Burbanking"

How It Grew in a Monastery Garden Fifty Years Ago

IT IS an old story that art usually outruns science. Men learn to do things; then learn to do them well; last of all they find out just what it is they are doing. First how, then why, is the order of progress.

The improvement of domesticated stocks of animals and plants by skillful breeding and selection has been going on for generations. For its results we need only look around us. The complete theory which underlies the methods of practical workers has appeared only during the last half-dozen years. Mr. Burbank's almost miraculous achievements remind one of the performances of the yacht America which was the first sailing-vessel to be built according to mathematically computed "wave lines," and, in consequence, she brought home the America's cup. "Who is first?", Queen Victoria is said to have asked as the boats came in sight of the finish. "The America," replied an officer. "And who second?" "Your Majesty, there is no second!" So much for practical skill plus a sound scientific theory when matched against rule-of-thumb.

Strangely enough this scientific theory, which, if we may judge anything by Mr. Burbank's success, is likely to have some rather important practical results, had already been discovered once before, and forgotten again. With this goes a rather curious bit of scientific history.

In Austria, some seventy miles northeast of Vienna, lies Brünn, capital of the old kingdom of Moravia. In Brünn is a monastery whose abbot, during the middle decades of the last century, was a certain Gregor Mendel. The abbot had a small garden in his cloister where he used to putter around by way of relaxation from his more serious clerical duties, with the unusual result that his avocation has made him very much more famous twenty years after his death than all his serious work ever did in his lifetime. Somewhere about 1856, when Mendel was well past thirty years of age, he undertook a series of experiments upon hybrids of the common pea. This, of course, was in pre-Darwinian times, before botanists and zoölogists became generally interested in the problems of evolution; when, in fact, experiments in crossing the nearly related sorts of plants was about the only thing that anybody was doing in theoretical biology, and not many persons were interested even in that.

Mendel's Law of Heredity

Mendel had worked along quietly for eight years, and at the end of that period acquired an insight into certain of the phenomena of heredity such as no man had obtained up to his time. At the end of his eight years of work, Mendel read a paper before the Natural History Society of the city of Brünn in which he announced the principle now known as "Mendel's Law of Heredity," the greatest discovery in biology since Darwin, and along with it he formulated his doctrine of the Unit Character, the part of his work which most concerns us here.

Unfortunately, this announcement came just at the wrong time. Darwin's Origin of Species had appeared in 1859, six years before. The great controversy over Darwinism and Evolution was merrily under way. The Brünn Society, like the rest of the scientific world, had other things on its mind. It published Mendel's paper in its proceedings; and that was the last that anybody heard of it until about 1900, when a Hollander, Hugo de Vries, one of the first of living botanists, just as he was coming upon the same idea independently, happened also upon the paper which took from him the honor of the discovery.

All this was in the highest degree unfortunate. Mendel had made the one discovery which was needed to complete Darwin's work; and Darwin never knew anything about it.

Mendel's doctrine of the Unit Character is, practically, the most important part of his theory of heredity. His own account

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of the matter amounts in essence to this: Here is a tall variety of common pea, growing to six or seven feet. Here is a dwarf pea which, with the same cultivation, attains at most to a foot and a half. If the two are crossed, and the resulting hybrids cultivated for several generations, we should expect to find them more or less intermediate in stature, four feet, say. As a matter of fact, part of the hybrid plants are tall and part dwarf; some one, some the other, but none of them are intermediate. Stature, then, is a "unit character," a sort of hereditary atom which is inherited completely or else not inherited at all. So it is with other qualities which distinguish different varieties of pea. Some have rough coats, some smooth. But each individual hybrid pea is either rough or smooth, never half and half. Some peas when dried are green, others yellow. The cross gives either one color or the other, never something between.

A hybrid, therefore, has in it two possibilities of which it may follow either one, but not both. Mendel proved that it is purely a matter of chance (though not always of equal chance) which parent any individual follows. Moreover—and this is in certain ways the most important of his discoveries—he proved that each of these unit characters is inherited independently of all the rest. Suppose, then, a breeder of peas wants, for some reason, to obtain a dwarf pea with white, wrinkled seed-coat. He now has a tall pea with this sort of coat, but his only dwarf is smooth and colored. He crosses the two plants. The three pairs of unit characters are inherited independently in all possible chance combinations. There will be a fixed proportion of dwarfs with colored and wrinkled seed-coats, dwarfs with white and rough coats, tall peas with smooth and white coats, and all the rest of the eight possible combinations. Evidently he has only to raise a sufficiently large number of plants to get all he wants of wrinkled, white-coated dwarfs.

How Burbank Does the Trick

Mr. Luther Burbank brings off his wizard transformations on the basis of Mendel's principles. The American takes the California beach-plum, a wild plant whose fruit is entirely inedible. He sees, however, that this unpromising shrub has three real merits—it bears abundantly, it will grow on any sort of soil, and it is extremely hardy. Examination shows that these are three unit characters which are stable in crosses. He therefore hunts up other sorts of plum with other qualities. In one he finds size; in another, flavor; in a third, a pleasing color. Along with these will go many other qualities, some good, some bad, some indifferent; there may be scores in all. Then he intercrosses the group. Some of the hybrids have all the bad characteristics of all their parents. Another definite proportion have this desired quality without that. Sooner or later at least one plant appears with all its cards trumps, and the job is done.

The difference between Mr. Burbank and other breeders, then, is this: they make crosses hoping that the desired form will appear; he knows that it will. He therefore does his work on a large scale, sure of success in the end. There is absolutely nothing new in Mr. Burbank's methods; he is merely applying old devices under the guidance of a sound scientific theory. An essential part of that theory is that very many qualities of animals and plants do not blend in inheritance, and that their appearance follows the laws of chance, so that one need only try times enough to get any required combination.

Thanks to his scientific knowledge, Mr. Burbank does not have to waste any effort on things which cannot be done. He has extraordinary insight into the nature of plants and wonderful discrimination in picking out little significant points which another might pass by. He knows that if he is dealing with no more than a dozen alternative possibilities he must expect, according to the laws of chance, to get just what he wants only once in four thousand times; and he plans accordingly. In one of his experiments with blackberries he raised, in one season, forty thousand hybrid plants, and from these selected only one. The rest, root and branch and berry, were burned in one huge pile, thirty odd cords at once. In this way Mr. Burbank is able to concentrate into a single plant all the good qualities of thousands. He is able to do it in part because of the work of one clear-headed old priest.—*E. T. Brewster.*

Williams' Shaving Soap Philosophy

REFLECTIONS OF A VILLAGE PHILOSOPHER

SHAVINGS—IX.

YES, I reckon Sammy's considerable bad off. You see, Sammy was some fond of mush-rooms, an' he couldn't be argued into a prejudice against toad-stools. Well, the Doc says it's liable to be a brisk week for black gloves and white flowers.

Yes, I spose toad-stools do look like mush-rooms, and cost less, but if a toad wants to go to the trouble of building himself a hassock I ain't the man to rob him.

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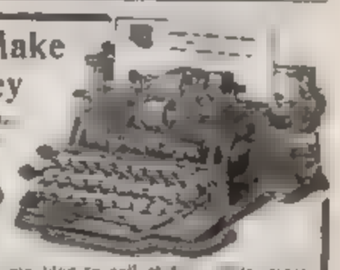

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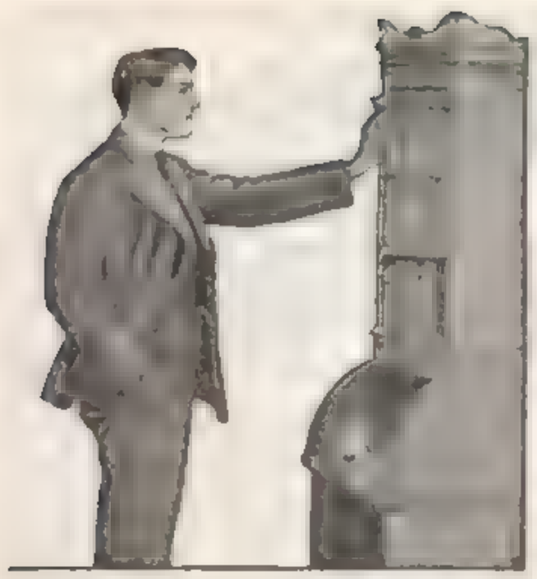

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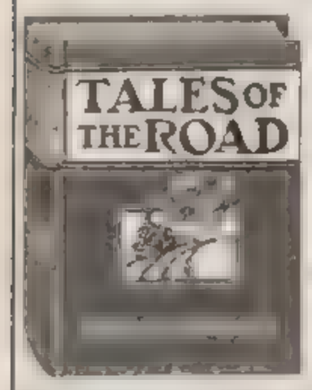

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BOOK LEAVES

THE LINCOLN OF TO-DAY—THE GREAT WAR PRESIDENT AS HE APPEARS TO THE NEW GENERATION.

¶ The American who has lived through the past forty-five years has had the privilege of seeing much growth and many wonderful developments, not the least of which has been the slow building of a great national tradition about a great national hero. Students of comparative mythology like to speculate on the slow process which raised Thor from a bleak Norse fjord-side to the throne in Walhalla, and historians and specialists in folk-lore have wondered in similar fashion about the construction of the Charlemagne myth and the Arthurian legend. The modern American can resolve their doubts by pointing to the commanding figure of his own time. In all things we do quickly what other peoples achieve slowly, and the elder Americans of to-day have seen both the life and death of the man and the swift building of the tradition of Abraham Lincoln.

Upon the extent of that tradition it needs not here to enlarge. The fact is that the tradition completely obtains, and the fact implies the value of an attempt to find the real Lincoln on the part of a student with the necessary scholarly equipment, and without the prejudices—either of one sort or another—which inevitably belong to the earlier generation. Such a book is Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer's Abraham Lincoln in The American Crisis Biographies (*George W. Jacobs*)

Of Lincoln the man Doctor Oberholtzer holds the general view, and in Lincoln the politician he finds a master of the craft:

> A character incomprehensible for its contrasts to many, even among those who knew it best, Lincoln will always be acquitted of any lack of knowledge and understanding of human nature. . . . He assumed an attitude of superiority to no American citizen. . . . denied himself to no visitor, no matter how humble, . . . refused to forget his origin. . . . Nevertheless . . . he never committed the mistake of asking for votes of poor and ignorant men because he had once been poor and ignorant. He knew the worth of education. . . . . Lincoln entered practical politics, in a practical country, in a practical age, in his early years. . . . Always the master, he treated none as a servant, and won his victories by methods that are worthy of the respect and emulation of all statesmen in democracies.

Doctor Oberholtzer finds much that was astute in Lincoln's relations with the Democrats and much that was better than adroit in the divination which taught him "to appreciate the fact that he must make himself and his party practically coextensive with the loyal Union sentiment in all parts of the country." And though, as President, "he knew his friends and was inclined to give them all their appropriate rewards," the scandals "in the conduct of the war on the business side" are properly chargeable, in this biographer's opinion, "less to partisan favoritism than to the total lack of a military system."

In fact, about the only point in which Doctor Oberholtzer widely differs from the popular estimate is in the matter of Lincoln's religious life, which he thinks was affected by the man's "rare faculty of being able to impress those with whom he came in contact that he was the living embodiment of their thoughts, feelings and aspirations." Somewhat cynically, he sees in Lincoln's attitude toward religion "an excessive regard for the supposed feelings of those whom he addressed, . . . a search for a powerful ally, whose favors it was hoped he might keep from falling to the other side rather than a natural, deep-felt, serious thing." This, of course, only as to so much of Lincoln's religion as was evidenced in his public life. Yet on the next page Doctor Oberholtzer rather confounds his own judgment, for there he quotes Lincoln's own words: "I must study the plain physical facts of the case, ascertain what is possible, and learn what appears to be right." To try to learn the right, and

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RICHARD HARDING DAVIS
will contribute a short story

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT
will contribute a *Christmas Story* in two parts; the first part to appear in the December number.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON
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But this is, after all, one's only quarrel with the book. The author, "in spite of a plenitude of biographical material," felt the need "of a readable, compact life of Lincoln by one who never saw him—born, indeed, well after his day—by one who knows him only for what he did, and who, therefore, may be in the temper to form an impression that is unbiased and, it may be hoped, also just." The subject is thus approached in the ideal historical temper—and the result is flattering to the American theory that republics, though they may have in certain particulars the brief memory attributed to them, are no more than just when they set about honoring their really great heroes.

NAUGHTY SWAYNE—THE STORY OF HIS WICKEDNESS GIVES US A VILLAIN OF THE DEAR, OLD-FASHIONED KIND.

¶ Amid all the excellent aloofness of the contemporary novelist there come moments when the gentle reader, be he never so gentle, longs for the bad, glad, thorough-going villains of his youth—wicked gentlemen who smoked cigarettes and were proud of it. Well, he need sigh no more if he but read the Rev. Dr. John Meritte Driver's "romance of Italy and America," Purple Peaks Remote (*Laird & Lee*).

Slade and Swayne are villains of the fine, old-fashioned kind, and the ancient tradition is quite as well observed in the person of that callous society woman, Agnes Meldrom, who belongs to their own world. Naturally, a simple country girl is needed as victim, and that want is supplied by Esther Hardigan, who seeks Chicago to her peril. To preserve the unities, there must be a hero who never forgets what a hero he is, and Percival Howard fills that bill and laps over the edges. Percy has a hard time of it in business in Chicago, but lands on his feet and wins a wife, at last, in Naples.

The whole story has a good flavor that reminds you of the scent of lavender which assailed you when, as a child, you stole into the attic one sunny Sunday afternoon and opened the old cedar chest in which your grandmother kept the dress that she was married in, years and years ago.

—*R. W. K.*

¶ MINOR MENTION: MERCANTILE GREED and commercial oppression combined made the life of the deep-sea fishermen of bleak Newfoundland and forbidding Labrador a hideous fight with poverty, in which body, mind and spirit, sooner or later, all succumb. Few places so bear the confines of civilization are in greater need of practical missionary work, and few missionaries have done a better work than Doctor Grenfell has done there. Nobody can read Norman Duncan's enthusiastic tribute in Doctor Grenfell's Parish (*Fleming H. Revell Company*) and doubt it. To a class of people born in debt and dying debtors—men whose one ambition is to gain, by unremitting toil, a mere foothold on life—this Oxford graduate has devoted indefatigable labors, and, as the representative of the Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, has "helped the folks to help themselves," becoming "the prophet and the champion of a people." It is a parish thirteen years old and covering two thousand frozen miles, and Mr. Duncan's account of the man and the place makes an inspiriting and moving story.

¶ MINOR NOVELISTS can safely be divided into three classes: those who know how to write but have nothing to write about; those who have something to write about but do not know how to write, and those who have nothing to write about and could not write about it if they did have it. Ester and Lucia Chamberlain, the authors of Mrs. Essington (*The Century Company*), belong to the first class. They tell very prettily nothing at all. Their young musician is not a hero; he is a cad. The girl who wins him gets no more than she deserves. And the elder woman whom he thinks he loves at the start of the story is about as unconvincing as Henry Hutt's candy-box pictures which are bound with a book they do not illustrate.

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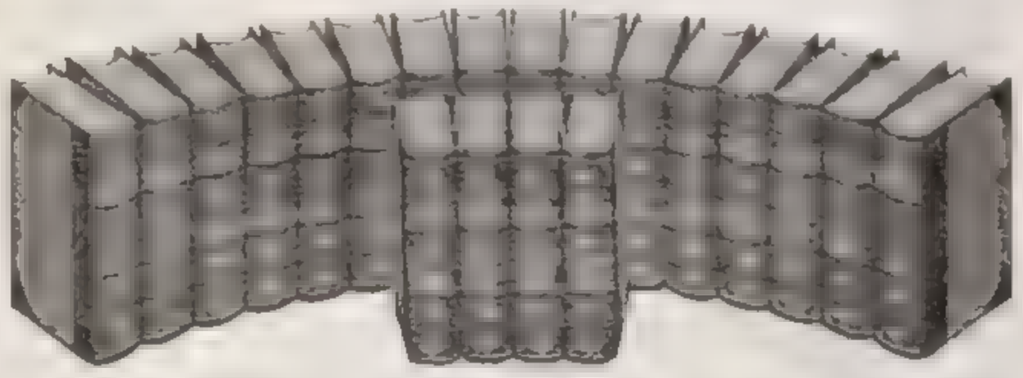

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—*R. W. K.*

Stephen Phillips' Lameness

W. E. NORRIS is an English novelist not nearly so well known on this side of the Atlantic as the critics think he should be. But those who do know his work know, first, that he has a quiet humor and, second, that he employs a graceful style which resembles that of Trollope. What is still less known, however, is the fact that Mr. Norris' humor is as ready at his tongue as at his pen, and that he is a disciple of Trollope even in his methods of writing, assigning to each day a certain number of words and, when that number is on paper, relentlessly putting down the pen for twenty-four hours.

The other day, Mr. Norris, so the London story goes, was twitted about this by his friend, Stephen Phillips, who, though so experienced as a writer of verse, is sometimes careless about his metrical feet, which often have a noticeable lameness.

"You know, Norris," said Phillips, "the trouble with your work is that it's too systematic and methodical. Why, you measure out a novel as if it were a roll of cloth—measure it out, egad, with a yardstick!"

"Perhaps," Norris admitted, "I do measure out my novels with a yardstick, but it's an honest measure, whereas you measure out your verse with a foot-rule—and I sometimes think that your rule is a good deal too *long*."

An Increase in the Death-Rate

IS THE contemporary novel in book form dead? Has the fickle public quite forsaken the fiction writers of its own generation when they appear in cloth covers? And are we to have, among the book-publishers, a return to the elder romance? From the opinions expressed last week at a gathering of the elect in Washington it would certainly appear that some such catastrophe is imminent. The party was made up of the road-representatives of a round dozen of the largest general book-publishers in America, and there was an almost unanimous agreement with the statements of three of the number that the retailers are fighting shy of the new novel, but biting at the extra illustrated new edition of standard romances like fish in a [illegible] stream on a [illegible] morning.

I don't [illegible] explain it [illegible] said the man who started up the situation [illegible] but it's a fact that [illegible] as soon as you say 'new novel' to the trade, the trade shows a clean pair of heels; and the only way you can lure back the poor frightened thing is to wave above your head a new, fully illustrated edition of one of the old boys that we all read when we were boys ourselves.'

Thereat the layman who had been listening suggested:

"Perhaps it's your own fault."

"How's that?" shouted the chorus.

"Perhaps it's because you fellows have, for years, been puffing contemporary stuff that didn't—and couldn't—make good."

There was a long silence.

"I wonder if it's going to rain," said somebody.

The Embarrassment of Mr. Wise

ALTHOUGH, as the readers of his Echoes of Greatness are aware, John S. Wise is full of anecdotes about various men of prominence, there is one anecdote about John S. Wise which that writer has never yet set upon paper, but which some of his acquaintances, with whatever degree of truth, still tell with considerable delight.

It all happened late one night in New York. Mr. Wise had met a number of well-known folk at The Players' and, at last, asked them all over to his house for a chafing-dish supper which, he said, they were to prepare themselves, in true camping-out fashion, Mr. Wise's family being out of town. As the party paused at the front door, Mr. Wise turned to them and said:

"Now, be careful, please. Don't make any noise, I beg of you."

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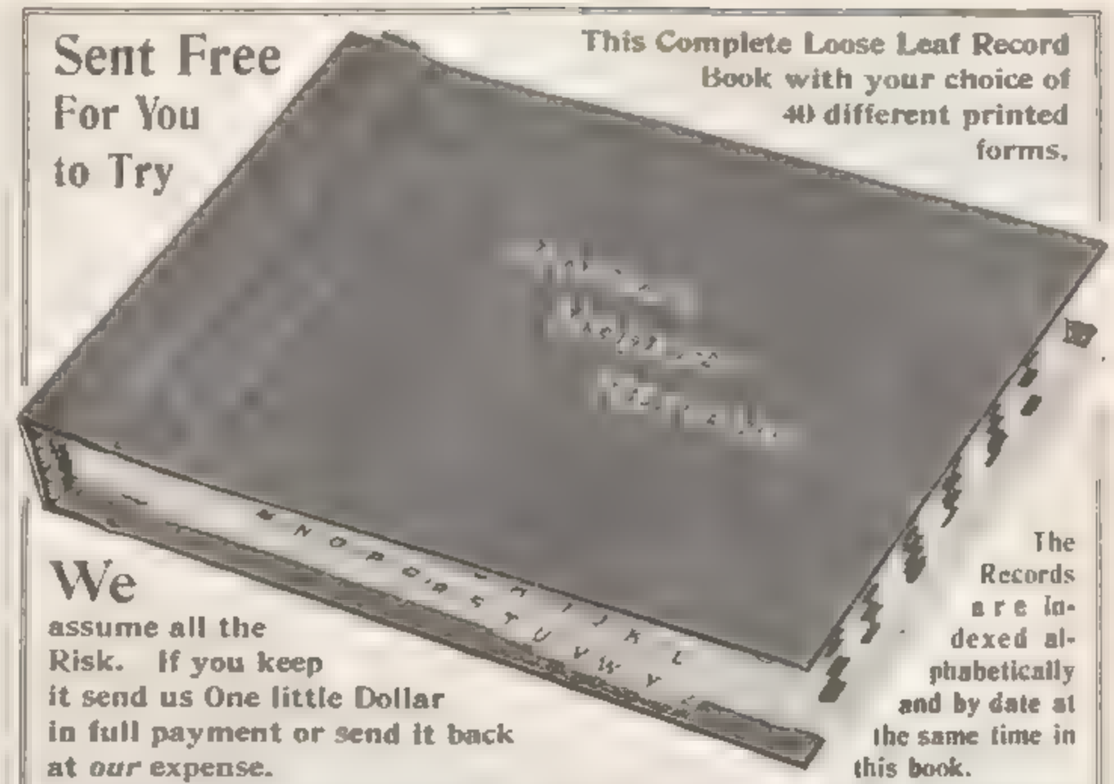

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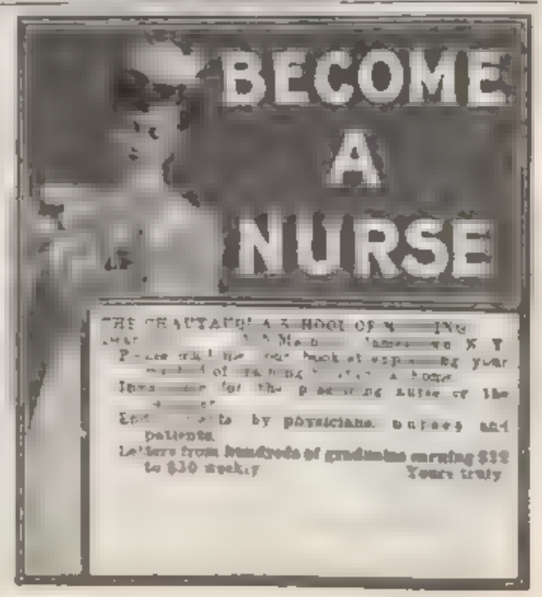

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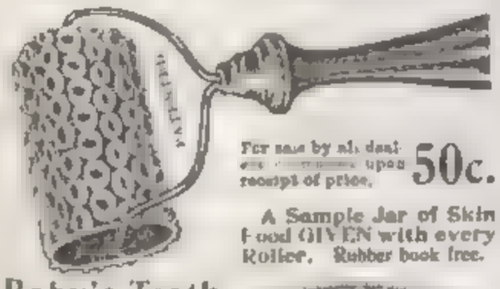
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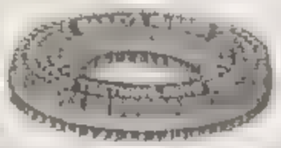
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When they got into the hall this caution was repeated, and, while the gas was being lighted, it was again uttered. In fact, Mr. Wise's conversation became a series of "Hushes," which, having been informed that the family was away, began to excite no little curiosity among his guests. Yet Mr. Wise appeared painfully apprehensive, and, when some one fell over a chair and the crash rang through the midnight stillness, he threw up his hands in despair.

There was an awkward pause, and then, over the bannister, from far upstairs, there came the cry:

"What yo' doin' there, Mars' John? Wherefo' yo' makin' such a noise at this time o' night? Yo' ought ter been in baid long ago, suh. Tak' shame ter yo'self; tak' shame ter yo'self!"

"There!" whispered Wise. "I told you fellows to be quiet! Now you've wakened her, and I'll catch thunder in the morning!"

And so the secret came out: the offended one of whom the host stood in such fear was the old negro "Mammy" who had nursed him as a child, whom he had ever afterward retained in his service, and who, to the end of her days, persisted in regarding Mr. Wise as a sad young scapegrace demanding the constant use of the tightest check-rein.

No Room for Two

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS is a friend of John Luther Long, but then Mr. Loomis is a humorist, and a humorist cannot pass by in silence the chance to say a good thing, even when the thing must, of necessity, be directed against a friend. Perhaps that explains the following story.

It seems that, some little time ago, Mr. Loomis and Mr. Long were among the lions invited to read at an "Authors' Night" of the Philadelphia Browning Society. Mr Loomis sat in the front row—and Mr. Long read some verses which he modestly described as A Song. Then somebody asked the humorist what he thought of the author of Madame Butterfly.

"I'll tell you what I think," replied Mr. Loomis; "I think that——

"We have a plethora of prose
And some to spare of song—
Man wants one Luther here below,
Nor wants that Luther Long."

The only drawback to the story, according to Mr. Loomis, is that Mr. Long really read not a song, but a scene from a play.

"But then," as the humorist explains, "it might have been a song, for I couldn't hear a word that Long said, anyhow."

The Girl Behind the Counter

THE head of a publishing firm which stands near the top for its list of successful fiction was talking, the other day, to a number of mere authors in the Century Club, New York.

"I suppose," he said, "that we have as good a system of salesmen as any firm in the business and we pride ourselves on our advertising department, but a long, and sometimes hard, experience has taught me that the best man to sell a book is, after all, not a man but a girl—the girl behind the book-counter in the department-store. You would be surprised to know how many prospective buyers, with no particular novel in mind, will take the one the girl hands out to them—and the ways in which the clerk can, ostentatiously or unostentatiously, bring a book to her customer's attention are numberless.

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They also, emancipated little imps of Nature, are father to the man who—er—expectorates.

Foreigners tell us that spitting is a national habit of Americans. It may well be considered so. The first thing a boy learns to do is to walk. The second is to spit over the banisters. Then the front tooth opens up fresh possibilities which last until corn-silk cigarettes appear. After that the habit may be said to be formed, so that by the time he can vote he is the real thing, and the first thing he looks for upon entering a room is a place to spit.

It must be a soul-satisfying pastime, for so many men, who otherwise might be considered gentlemen, do it to excess. I have seen men, in the presence of ladies, use an empty fireplace, the polished floor and even a hot-air register to spit in! Personally, I should think a man would as soon think of taking a bath in public as to permit ladies to see him spit.

Miss Slang, Débutante

Anybody who doesn't use it and some who do will tell you that slang is vulgar. Yet modern English is practically crippled without the use of words which only a few years ago were counted as belonging to the category of slang.

Yet I find a difference between the vulgarity of using slang and certain other vulgarities of dress or table manners—which distinction may or may not be allowed me—and that is that the latter generally points to humble origin, while the use of slang may be indulged in with impunity by the best-born in the land.

If, for example, a child is born of gentle parents to whom the conventional is natural, to adopt a vulgar habit would be abnormal. Therefore to that child a slice of bread and molasses would be no treat. To the farm-boy or the farmer-boy-man, to eat it would be to snatch a fearful joy. The other child might eat bread spread with a delicate syrup, but the rank taste of molasses would be a nauseous dose. Likewise, uncouth habits of taking ease or of dress are no pleasure to those whose ancestors were of the same mind.

In like manner, there are certain persons who may descend into vulgarity with impunity because one feels that they are innately refined. But let the naturally common beware how they betray any refinement, for such sporadic exhibitions only serve to call attention to their innate vulgarity.

The War-Lord's People

IN THRIFTY France the fixed income, be it ever so small, is the fetish of the people, and to attain it hundreds of thousands enter government employ at ridiculously small wage. In Germany the fixed income must also carry with it some outer semblance of authority and position to be fully satisfactory; it must give the right to wear a livery of some description. This is neither admirable nor strengthening to the life of a nation; especially to one standing as much in need of a wide, strong, intelligent national spirit as any other on the globe.

Standing in one of the great thoroughfares of a German city and watching the crowd surging to and fro, it is difficult to realize that practically every man has borne arms, and, if under forty-five years of age, is still enrolled as a unit in the great army Germany holds in reserve against her foes.

These men follow the usual occupations of life, and yet, in the manner a salute is returned or in the coming to "attention" of the employee at the word of the employer, and the quite general unquestioning obedience to orders, is felt the influence of military training. Talk to a car conductor, a porter or a crossing-sweeper, and he will be found more or less intelligent in military matters.

The war bulletins displayed by the newspapers arrest the attention of nearly every passer-by, and they are read and understood in their military sense with a clearness so remarkable as to be a subject of comment among visiting officers from other countries.

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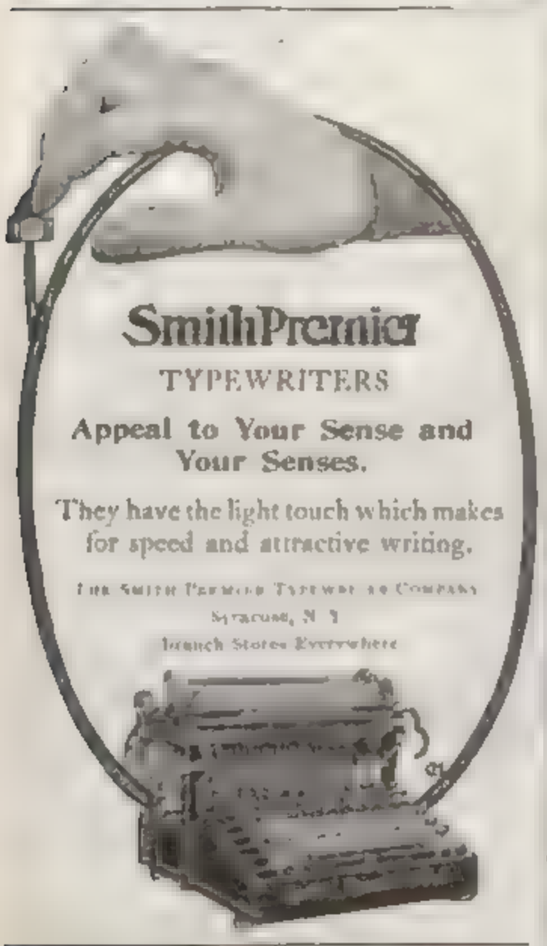

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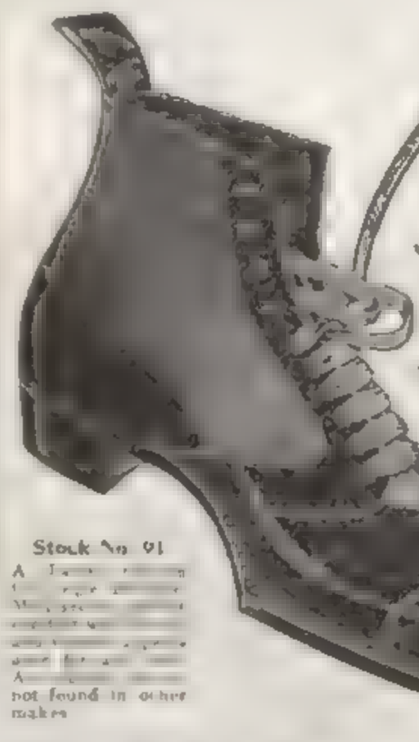

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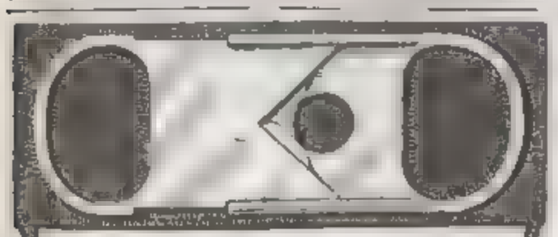

WHAT A MAN APPRECIATES

[illegible] and attractive that he will bless the giver

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[illegible]

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The Crooked Trail

(Continued from page 2)

my hotel after dinner, Hal," he said good-naturedly. "I've got something on my mind I want to talk to you about."

"Sure," said Margrave, and went out.

He had bettered his own position so easily and decisively that the desertion of Billy now seemed a piece of superfluous treachery. This troubled him, for it would bring bad luck, he thought. He might even now send a wire to the hotel in Quebec. But Loman had said that the bank, while it might forgive him, would not forgive its own employee. Of course, Loman had meant that Ettelson must be left to shift for himself.

Well, let him shift for himself. The broker's heart hardened. Having stabbed his chum once, they must now be enemies. Yet before dinner he dropped a line to the man in the New Jersey village, giving his address. If Billy wanted him he could find him in that way. With the gambler, this was simply a furtive sacrifice to his gods, an offering to propitiate that Luck which he had offended by deserting his chum. It made him feel better.

III

ETTELSON, awakening in the dark, struggled up and struck a match. He saw at once that it was far in the night and Hal was not there. He lit the little lamp and looked around. The open bureau drawer caught his attention. He turned to the foot of the bed and saw that Hal's suitcase was gone. He felt an immense fear; but he was dull and heavy all over. He could not stay to figure it out. So he undressed, took a great draft of water from the fat pitcher and tumbled back into bed.

In the morning it was clear enough that Hal had gone, even before he read the note. When he read that his heart turned to lead. His only idea was to run, and the fear was sufficient to enable him to overcome the temptation of the half-filled bottle. He had enough money left to get himself in flight, with the wheels grinding beneath him, and that was all he cared about. It didn't matter in the least where he went, so it was a crooked trail, making pursuit difficult.

His last railroad ticket said Buffalo, but he did not know the name of the hamlet in Western New York where he dropped off the train as it stopped barely a minute. The hamlet consisted of half a dozen frame stores set down at haphazard, besides the tiny station. The setting sun shone over a peaceful autumn upland. Ettelson, suitcase in hand, struck out along the country road as though he knew just where he was going. It wouldn't do to give those fellows lounging at the little station, with curious eyes, the idea that he was a stranger.

He was soon out of their sight and completely alone. When he reached the crest of the long, gentle slope he saw that this road ran on interminably, straight and empty, with pleasant farm lands, vineyards and orchards on either side, but at the foot of the hill it was cut across by the long, black line of a canal. A man was coming up to the small farmhouse at his left and a dog began to bark somewhere in the gathering dusk, so he walked on rapidly, not stopping until he came to the canal.

He had walked more than a mile along the road. His last bite to eat had been taken at eleven o'clock that morning, and his bad habits had weakened him. He felt played out and his limbs trembled slightly. He paused on the bridge, leaning against its rail. No one was in sight. The bareness of late autumn lay upon the landscape. In the stillness of the dark, cold water at his feet something mysterious moved and invited him.

Home, wife, child, the ghosts of former hope and happiness rushed upon his mind. He was degraded, outlawed, hopeless. But could it be possible that all was to end in this way? He saw the spot where a bunch of bushes grew near the canal wall. That would be the place, and even as he felt that he was going there something within him wept for pity.

Then he heard a human voice calling on the hill. He could neither see any one nor distinguish a word. But the human voice seemed to infuse the lonely stretches with life. He caught up the suit-case and hurried back up the road, fleeing from the water in as great a fear as that in which he had been fleeing from man.

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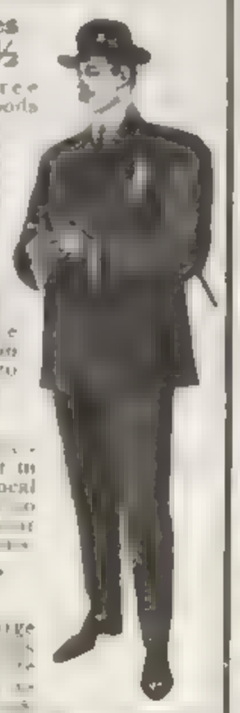

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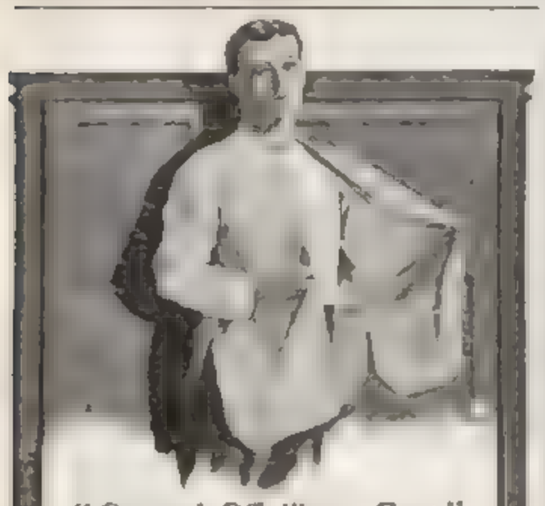

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As he got up the road a little way he saw, dimly in the failing light, the figure of a man going to the barn. The man pushed back the big door, a light from within fell upon him, and Ettelson heard several voices exclaiming. The voices sounded young and gay. The fugitive struck across the yard. A dog ran out barking, but he kept on. The man at the barn door turned around, putting his hand above his eyes, to see who was coming. As Ettelson approached he saw that it was a patriarch, with a white beard, who regarded him with a simple, good-natured curiosity.

"I wanted to see if you could keep me over night," said Billy.

"Why, I reckon," said the old man, smiling. He turned and called into the barn "Nancy, can you take in a lodger?"

Ettelson stepped up into the barn. He saw that half a dozen persons sat there packing grapes in small baskets by the light of two lanterns. A fleshy woman with a cast in her eye—evidently Nancy—bent forward to look at the stranger, her broad face all good-humor.

"If he can put up with what we can give him," she said.

"Surely, surely!" the fugitive exclaimed, and he glanced around, smiling. Except Nancy and a boy, the grape-packers were girls or young women. One of them, near him, was slim and pretty, with big blue eyes that looked up at him in a young woman's half-shy consciousness of a strange young man. Ettelson, still smiling, turned to the patriarch.

"I haven't seen anybody packing grapes since I was a boy in Michigan," he said. "We used to have the Concord grapes there mostly."

"There's more Concord than anything else around here," said the old man. "Stick to a good thing when you've got it, is what I tell 'em when they want to switch off on to the earlies and the fancies. I've watched it going on forty years, and the Concord's the best money-maker." He took off his felt hat to run his bony fingers through his gray hair, and, with a simple, loquacious friendliness, went on telling about various experiments with different varieties of grapes. He was lean, weather-beaten, broad-shouldered and knotty, with false teeth which his beard did not hide, for he smiled often.

Presently the day's task was done and they went to the farmhouse, three of the girls and the boy going off to their own homes. Ettelson ate heartily of the late supper, and when he went to bed in a cold little room close under the roof, in the half-story, he felt clean and sane.

He stayed on several days as a boarder at a dollar a day, inventing some easy excuses which were accepted so readily that he blushed for them. Going about the farm, a little of the lost skill of his boyhood returned to him. He found he could be fairly handy chopping wood and even milking. There was plenty to do, with the grape-crop to be gathered and packed and the winter's fuel to be cut. So, with hardly a definite intention, it came about that he was to remain a while, choring for his board and lodging.

The farmer's name was Wyckoff. The old man, Ezra, was his father; Nancy his wife. They had one half-grown daughter. It was a cheerful, quiet place. In the open air all day and with plenty of exercise, rising at five, going to bed at eight, drinking no liquor, Billy's bodily vigor returned.

He felt sound and clean again, and it seemed that nothing had been necessary to that end save that he get away from Hal Margrave.

Ettelson would have felt more secure here, but he feared to communicate with his wife and child and was anxious about them. The penalty of his state began to press him. He must move on. The very stump-tailed dog, becoming too familiar, began to accumulate possibilities of betrayal. Then, as he was cutting wood, the ax glanced and he was carried to the house with a badly wounded foot.

The doctor ordered perfect quiet, and nothing else was possible, as he could not take a step. Perforce he kept to his small, rough-plastered room under the sloping roof. Ezra brought up a sheet-iron stove, and Mrs. Wyckoff sent up her Boston rocker.

It turned cold. On a certain Sunday morning the one small window was frosted over, and a bitter wind, driving the snow, rattled the sash. But Ezra fed the little stove liberally, and Ettelson felt a luxurious comfort in his small room. About eleven o'clock the old man came up again.

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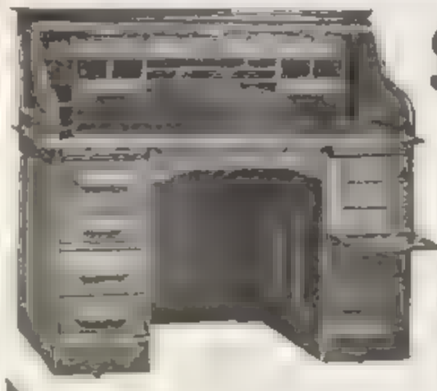

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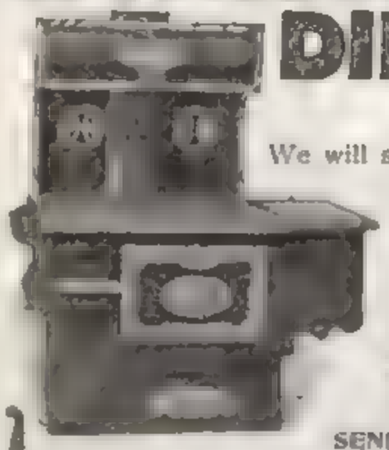

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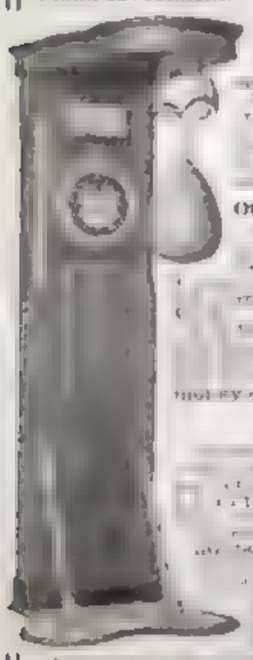

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"I declare," he said apologetically, "it's so thick there's hardly a window downstairs you can see to read at."

He sat down by the window, opened the square, fat Bible in his hand and began reading to himself, his spectacles on the end of his nose, holding the book nearly at arm's length. The room was very still. Ettelson turned the leaves of an old magazine.

"Now, how Paul does put some of those things—just that pat!" the old man exclaimed, and looked up, smiling with the relish of it. "This, now"—and he began reading aloud. The room grew solemn to the fugitive. His hands did not stir until the chapter was finished.

Ezra looked up and laughed, with the same deep, quiet relish. "That's what I call right meat and drink," he said. "My stars, how it snows! Reminds me of the winter we came on from Vermont." He went on with one of his stories. While he was telling it he laid the Bible absent-mindedly on the washstand at Ettelson's elbow, and when he went out he left it there as though he had forgotten it.

The fugitive, left alone, took up the continued story in the magazine with a dull interest. Then, almost furtively, and as though he were doing something at which he might be caught to his discredit, he took up the Bible and began to turn its long-forgotten pages. There was a time when he had been familiar with it.

The next morning, when he and Ezra were having their usual chat, he picked up the fat Bible with an incidental air. "I've been reading your book," he said.

The old man laughed. "Well, there ain't any better book. James, my second son—he lives over in Tonawanda—always was a sort of cross-grained, rebellious youngster. Not vicious, you know, but just naturally bound to get on the other side of the fence. He was only eighteen when he enlisted, and when he come back from the war he was so independent that it made him miserable unless he could show it off—like a little boy with his first pair of boots, you know, that has to keep walking across the floor and making 'em creak so's you'll take notice. James made it a point to wander out to the barn while I was reading a chapter aloud before breakfast. Nobody said anything, and that disappointed him; so one day he takes it up himself. He says: 'Father, what's the use your trying to make us read the Bible? I can get along without it. Plenty of other men do!' And I says to him: 'That's so, Jim. You can get along without reading the Bible if you want to, and you can get along without wearing a shirt, too, if you want to. But 'tain't so comfortable.' I guess Jim wouldn't care to get along without it now."

"I suppose that's so! I suppose that's so!" said Ettelson eagerly. "It's just there. You can take it or leave it."

"It's there for you, to be taken if you wish," the old man replied gravely. For a moment Ettelson turned the leaves.

"It ain't anything that you have to take anybody's word about," said Ezra. "Anybody that has done wrong and suffers—all he needs do is to try it—to take it to himself as it is offered, and, as it is written there, he will find peace."

Billy looked into the old man's grave, still eyes. A flush spread over his face. His head drooped. Suddenly he understood that Ezra knew his guilt. He did not shrink from the thought as he would have done a little while before. On the contrary, he felt a relief, as though the burden of it were already lightened. When he was alone he read more earnestly than before.

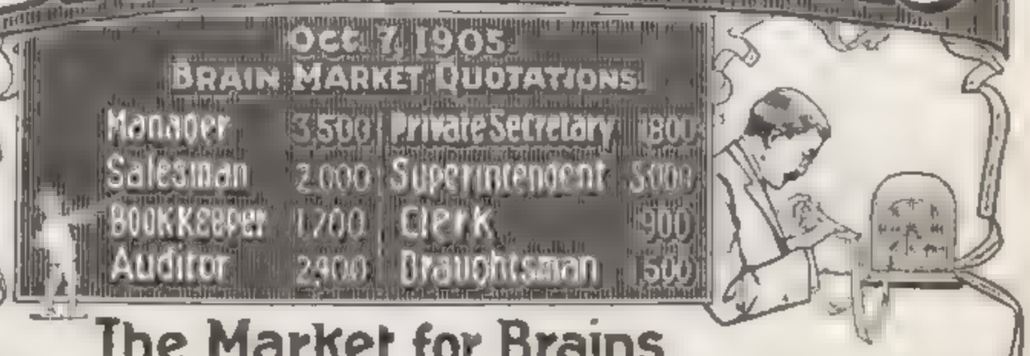
The wounded foot was healing. In a short time he would be able to walk. He decided to go away and get work—probably in a Canadian town—for the season had passed when he could earn anything on the farm. Wherever he went he knew that he would not again be the trembling, fear smitten fugitive that he had once been.

He had no resentment against Margrave now—only pity and good will. He had tried his friend too far. He had no money for his journey, nor for the doctor, and he could not leave these kind people with a money debt. It was most likely that Hal would be better supplied by this time. At any rate, Margrave was the only one to whom he could well apply. He wrote to him, in care of the New Jersey man, asking for a small loan. Also he wrote at length to his wife. The fear of capture did not paralyze him now.

This was the middle of November.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BRAIN BROKERS



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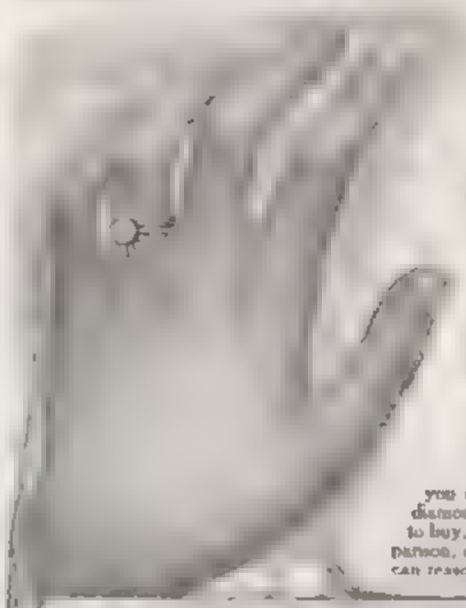

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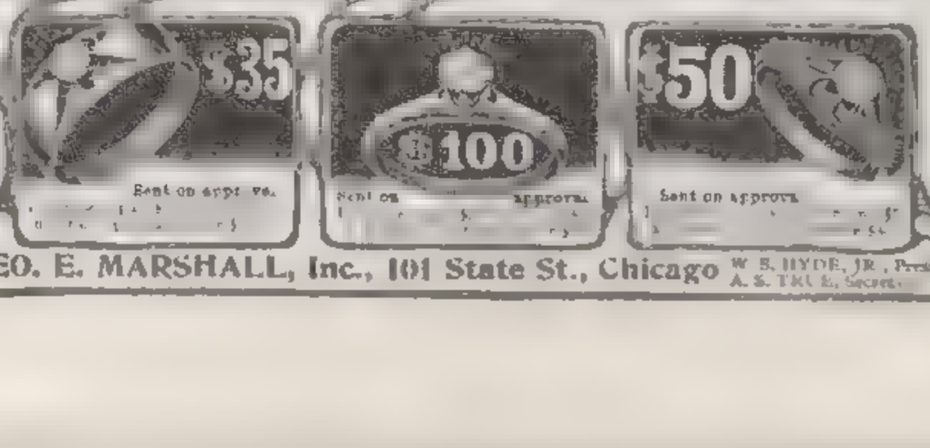

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BY SOFT PERSUASION

(Continued from Page 12)

"Ah—tut-tut! What a blunder!"

I heard the Boss' voice from a long way off. The sight of that precious paper again had made me weak, almost faint, with the sense of achievement. A blunder, though? And was I the blunderer? Did he intend —

"How unfortunate!" Bassett went on, lifting the papers from before me, "that this long-lost document should turn up just now, and here! I had no idea this thing was with the prints. But now I suppose I must take you into my confidence, Miss Massey. A young man from one of the newspapers brought me a stolen copy of this editorial, hoping, I suppose, to profit by some unwary expression of my very natural indignation against its author. Of course I promptly refused to treat with him."

"Of—course," I murmured to fill in the pause.

"Naturally. But, after he left, my mind began to hark back over our dealings with the News, and I recalled then that two rough drafts, somewhat dissimilar, were sent us for our acceptance, each revised by Mr. Offield; the understanding being, of course, that both were to be returned to him when negotiations were concluded and the final contract drawn up. I thought both had been returned, but, in some unaccountable way, this one must have been mislaid among my prints. It is most unfortunate. I deeply regret it. But since you have seen it, it would be useless to deny it—and I know I can rely upon your discretion. Still, my dear young lady, I regret the circumstance for its effect upon a youthful mind like yours. It is not good to deal with depravity—to be aware of it. 'Ye shall not touch pitch.' In the interests, as I have told you, of this great corporation, I am in daily contact with, in hourly danger of, blackmail. Miss Massey"—suddenly the veil dropped and his eyes fairly blazed with fury—"I swear to you my wrist is tired signing checks for Offield and his like! Look! Here is a demand from a Southern paper—it needs new presses. And here is a Northern one that wants a linotype machine. And here in the city is one that must have a color press. And here is another that begs . . . Begs what? Why, ammunition, thinly disguised, to be used upon us as soon as United Power comes under fire. A graceless herd of traitors they are, these newspaper proprietors who shamelessly put themselves up for sale; who pull at your coat and smirkingly try to catch your eye and force their venality upon your attention, yet who will not stay bought—these new, inky horseleech's sons with their eternal . . . "

He stopped suddenly. My heart seemed to stop beating, too. Could he—could he retract after a thing like that?

"Eh—my dear young lady," he said softly, lifting the bundle and preparing carefully to put away his treasures, "I throw myself upon your mercy—all that has passed between us, all that I have *said*, is confidential, is it not? Thank you. I had been thinking of it all just before you came, and, for distraction, I turned to the prints. I should advise you to do likewise. Cultivate some pure, unworldly interest that shall solace . . . "

I didn't hear the rest. How could I? As he lifted the package of prints and turned to place them in a cabinet in the wall, a sheet of paper fluttered down on the table before me. The last sheet of the pile it was—*the* sheet—the only one that could have any value for me; the paper that should rehabilitate Ted Thompson and ——

And that made Rhoda Massey blush for her stupidity, and wonder whether Bassett didn't think her reputed cleverness overrated, so unpardonably dull she had been that he had had to perform twice the miracle of accident, and twice affect absent-mindedness, before she understood!

I found Frank McGowan waiting outside on the curb, as I knew I should, his hands in his pockets, his keen, queer little face upturned, his eyes fastened on Boss Bassett's windows. He was whistling softly as he waited, looking exactly like a hungry little bird of prey ready for something to pounce upon, and he was so preoccupied with his watching and waiting that he actually jumped when I slipped the News-U. P. contract under his arm.

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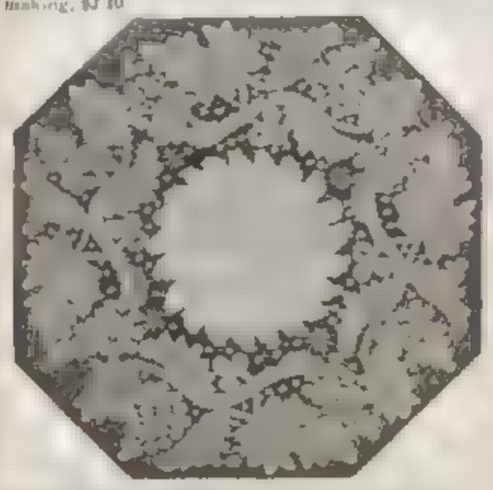

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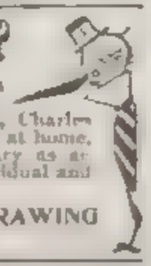

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"Rhoda!" he gasped when he had glanced over it. "By thunder, you've done it this time! Offield'll never dare to come back after this. How in the world?—why, it's the biggest beat——"

"Yes, and the last one," I interrupted wearily. "I'm ending in a blaze of glory, but no one but you must know that it's my blaze. You can claim it all for your own, Frankie, when the Press comes out with it."

"It's awfully good of you," he began; then his voice changed. "What's the matter, Rhoda—tired?" he asked gently.

I nodded. I was tired. Everything seemed at an end and not very much worth while, and it was too long waiting for train-time—and Ted.

"Wait till I skin over to the office with this," he said softly. "Then we'll go down to the ferry together to wait for him. The train isn't so late as at first reported, you know. . . . You do know, Rhoda?" he repeated as I didn't answer.

But I wasn't listening. How could I listen any more when from a cable car in front of us a man had stepped off and was coming straight toward me—a man big, alert and strong, his dear eyes seeking mine with a look of such love and longing they might have been my very own, so like them my own must have looked!

He dropped his overcoat and bag and held out his hands, and I put mine into them. We didn't say anything. Somehow there was nothing to say, but all the weariness and worry of the world fell away as I stood there looking, through my tears, into my dear boy's face.

"Well, I'm off to work," said Frankie, turning away with a queer little gulp; "you two'll have lots to talk about."

We had, but it wasn't till we were walking home under the stars that I could tell Ted all that had happened. But he listened to me and my story then in that way that's his own; so full of sympathy, so acutely interpretive and understanding, you hardly realize that only one of you is doing the talking—it seems so like a quiet but complete collaboration. And there was a mist in his eyes and a note in his dear voice, when he spoke at last, that set the whole world a-singing; to me it seemed as though living had been a dumb poem that found its voice in the music of loving.

(THE END)

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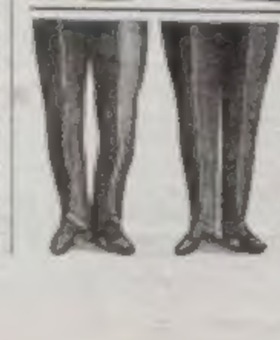

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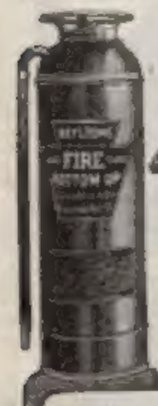

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12 N. Fourth St. Philadelphia

KIDNAPED BY BETTINA

(Concluded from Page 14)

The white face grew whiter still, the pupils of the big eye dilated with fright, the girl struggled to find her voice.

"Oh, Miss Kirby, I did, I did! I'd forgotten the medicine was changed, and I was excited about something, and I gave him the dose I'd been used to giving ——"

"Not a tablespoonful?"

"Yes."

"Telephone for the doctor! Bring up a kettle of boiling water—and then go away!"

There was anger, contempt, disgust in the nurse's tone. She had no charity for mistakes like this.

"Is it very bad?" asked the girl with white lips.

The man on the bed, half unconscious, heard her voice.

"Don't be frightened, little girl," he said weakly. "Don't be frightened, little ——" His voice trailed off into a groan.

"Is it very bad?" Bettina repeated with a choked voice.

"Bad?—I'm afraid you've killed him!" Miss Kirby answered. There was a hurt in her heart that made her cruel.

Doctor Dawson came quickly, and, behind closed doors, he and the nurse fought a second fight with death for Willoughby Peyton's life, while in a room on the floor below a girl lay face downward on a couch, trying to pray, but only moaning over and over again between racking sobs:

"O God, don't let him die—don't let him die!"

She did not hear Miss Kirby's rap at the door a half-hour later, but she answered the second summons, and seeing the look on the girl's face the nurse spoke hastily:

"It's all right, Miss Morton. He's asking for you, and the doctor says you'd better go."

The two women climbed the stairs together, but at the door of Peyton's room Miss Kirby turned away.

"He doesn't want me." Her homely face looked grim and old, her voice held a weary note.

Bettina put her arms around the tall, gaunt woman.

"You've saved him for me," she said with a swift impulsiveness, unconscious of the irony in the simple words. "How can I ever make you understand how I love you for it?"

The nurse submitted to the embrace with the responsiveness of a granite obelisk.

"I didn't do it for you," she answered dryly. "Saving life is my business."

Peyton heard them at the door, but he did not open his eyes. A soft step across the room. Still he put off the moment when he would look into her face—and know.

"Billy," said a small, humble voice close to his ear—"Billy, it isn't thundering now, but—I'm frightened."

His arms went around her.

(THE END)

Editor's Note—Lady Baltimore, Owen Wister's first long story since The Virginian, will begin in this magazine October 28.

Hood's Table-Talk

ONCE, when Charles Lamb, supping at Hood's, was asked what part of the roasted fowl he would have, and replied, "The back; I—I always prefer the back," Hood, dropping his knife and fork, exclaimed: "By Heavens! I would not have believed it if anybody else had sworn it."

"Believed what?" said Mrs. Hood anxiously, and coloring to the temples.

"Believed what? Why, that Charles Lamb is a *backbiter*," replied the rogue with one of his short, quick laughs.

When Hood's foot swelled so that he could hardly touch the ground, he comforted himself with the reflection that it could not be a *long-standing* complaint like the gout. He asserted that a certain trembling of his hand in weakness was not palsy, but only an inclination to shake hands. He was so thin, he said, that he could drink nothing that was thick, and would have to stick his poor spider legs, like piles, in the sea-mud to get mussels to them. In his youth Hood sat at a desk in some commercial office, but found that he was not destined to become a winner of the Ledger. He complained of his looks, because his face insinuated a false Hood.

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FRAME: The frame is made of the best quality of decarbonized steel. It is thoroughly machined and accurately fitted, beautifully case hardened and engraved, and made especially strong at the points where the recoil acts in order to insure perfect safety. **In design it is one of the handsomest hammerless shotgun frames made,** symmetrical, **strong at every part, perfect fitting and highly polished.**

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STOCK: The stock is handsomely shaped, pistol grip, handsomely checkered, fancy checkered butt plate. The stock is made from carefully seasoned selected walnut, hand finished, and fitted to the gun by one of the best gun stock fitters in the country.

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